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JOHN BULL

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Edited by W. CHARLES PILLEY

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The Scoundrel and the School-Girl

By Appointment to H.M. the King.

Millions of Englishwomen have Confidence in Nestlé's

It doesn't matter what claims are made for a brand of milk, if the public do not prove in actual use that it has all the qualities claimed for it, it will not become an established food. Nestlé's Milk is easily the best known to all. Public confidence in it has grown out of many years' daily use. Nestlé's have always aimed at quality and safety first — never at cheapness for cheapness' sake. Don't take risks — buy the milk that has the confidence of millions of Englishwomen.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

THE RICHEST IN CREAM

Cash Prices 6d. and 11½d. per tin.

If unsweetened milk is preferred, demand

"IDEAL"
(THE EVERYDAY MILK)
Packed by Nestlé's
5d. and 9d.

Nestlé's is produced from the milk of cows of selected herds and not from ordinary milk that is surplus to the requirements of the Public.

Every tin of Nestlé's is rich, full-cream milk carefully secured at every stage against contamination. Remember always—if it is Nestlé's, it is pure and contains all the cream of the original milk. Compare the thick even richness of Nestlé's with the thinner, watery or sugary consistency of other milks, which can be sold cheaper *because cream is removed and more water is left in.*

Imitations never satisfy; demand Nestlé's—always.

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON, E.C.3.

NEXT WEEK:

"John Bull's Big Surprise!"

Helpless Child made Active.

Remarkable Case of Lost Power Restored by Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Violet Hudson.

Mrs. Hudson, 3, Hilda Road, Chatham, says:—"When my little girl Violet was five she had a nasty turn like a stroke, and became quite helpless. She could not move a limb, not a finger. If I put her in a chair she remained as I placed her, if I put her to bed it was the same; she lay just as she was placed, and would have lain anywhere for any length of time. I had to attend to her just like an infant. Her speech, too, was affected, in fact, it was just a mumble.

"I took her here and there, and had all sorts of advice and treatment. But she remained as helpless as a little log.

"In the end, however, I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and after a time she could move. From then on she improved rapidly, and now, two years later, she can go about by herself, and is ever so well in health. She still drags one leg, but the drag gets less, and it is such a pleasure to us to see her getting about."

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

The Universal Home Remedy for

Nervous Breakdown, Neuralgia, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Anæmia, Paralysis, Kidney Weakness, Children's Weakness, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Home Price, 3/-

1/6 the smaller size.

Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

The first two tablets are the first rung in the ladder reaching to perfect health

Sole Proprietors: THE VENO DRUG CO., LTD., Manufacturing Chemists, Manchester, England.

THIS PATTERN FREE

Inside "Everywoman's"

Now on Sale!

THIS delightful Tennis Frock is the first of 3 FREE PATTERNS to be given away inside "EVERYWOMAN'S." Doubtless you are a little tired of last season's tennis frock. The inevitable belted chemise frock has been repeated *ad infinitum*. Here is a charming change of design, embodying smartness with the loose comfort of its predecessor. The sailor collar is very much *de rigueur*.

When you have obtained this pattern be sure and look out for Blouse Pattern in issue out May 1, and Blazer Pattern, out May 8. Place an order with your newsagent.

£250 Home of Furniture for Nothing . . .

Look out for a Special Offer coming shortly.

EVERYWOMAN'S WEEKLY

The Ideal Weekly for the Thinking Woman.

EVERY MONDAY. 2d.

JOHN BULL

"Here shall the Press the People's right maintain,
Unawed by influence and unbribed by gain."—*Joseph Story.*

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

"The hope of all who suffer,
The dread of all who wrong."
Whittier.

Vol. XXXI. No. 830. Week ending Saturday, April 29th, 1922. Twopence.

THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE DEVIL.

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day]

Next Week

One week more and JOHN BULL's Big Surprise will not longer be a secret. Order your copy or you may miss it.

Not So Sleepy.

It is still a moot point whether Mr. Lloyd George's loud surprise at the announcement of the Russo-German agreement was real or assumed. Even amateurs of diplomacy sometimes get bright ideas, and we remember that upon his "political strategy" the right honourable gentleman was once wont to plume himself.

Indisposed!

We were sorry to read that Lord Curzon was too ill to attend the Genoa Conference. Would it be impolite to express the hope that his Lordship's indisposition was mainly of the diplomatic order?

Our Campaign Justified.

An evening contemporary assures us that, in bringing in a Bill to impose sharp penalties upon bogus theatrical managers, the Labour Party "have probably been influenced by the Actors' Association." Of course, none of them ever read JOHN BULL.

A Warning for Winston.

The fact that he is to be opposed at the next election by Mr. E. D. Morel, the notorious pacifist, will give Mr. Winston Churchill a fine chance to deliver some rousing anti-Bolshevist utterances. But he must be very careful not to talk through any of his hats.

Name, Please!

Who is "Centurion"? This is the *nom-de-plume* of the writer whose sensational attack on Mr. Lloyd George in the *National Review* is the talk of the town. All literary London is guessing at his identity, recalling that the Centurion of the Scriptures spoke as one "having authority"!

The Armstrong Argument.

If Armstrong's appeal is successful he will no doubt be tried upon the indictment for attempted murder which stands against him. The difficulty then will be that the evidence against him on the charge of wife murder will be present to the minds of the jury. It is a long way to the gallows when the lawyers line the road.

No Further Appeal.

By the way, several of our contemporaries are at fault in stating that, if the appeal fails, it will be carried to the House of Lords. This can only happen in civil cases. In criminal matters the Court of Criminal Appeal has the last word.

A Training Tip.

The newspapers faithfully record that on Jack Dempsey's voyage across the Atlantic the amount of his "wine bill" represented the cost of three bottles of lager beer. A useful hint to some of our would-be champions.

The "Blue" Books.

Thus *The Universe and Catholic Weekly* apropos of our recent article upon the publications of Dr. Marie Stopes: "It is a sign of the times that JOHN BULL has started a campaign against the nauseous Birth Control propaganda." In such saintly company we feel as comfy as can be.

ONE-WEEK
FOOTBALL PRIZE
£300
MUST BE WON
Fill up the Free Football Coupon on page iii of cover

Hibernian Humour.

In case a real civil war comes along the Irish Labour extremists have gone on strike, so as to have plenty of time to enjoy it. If fighting interferes with business, give up business. Lovely Erin!

Obsolete Dogma.

It is said that there is a shortage of 4,000 curates in the Church of England. Why not revise the Thirty-nine Articles and give the right sort of man the chance to be honest and religious at the same time.

A Soaring Plan.

Good luck to Mr. D. W. Griffith in his search for a super film drama that will convert the world to peace. A "tall order" and a lofty aim. But it's a fine thing to "hitch your waggon to a star."

The Drapers' Move.

The position of married women before the law will be considerably altered if two Bills now being promoted by the Drapers' Chamber of Trade secure the assent of Parliament. These prudent tradesmen mean for the future to have some security in their dealings with ladies of expensive habits. Small blame to them either, but they must not under-rate the ingenuity of the sex.

Sauce for the Gander.

We notice, by the way, that in one of the American States a Bill has been introduced to make it illegal for a wife to search her husband's pockets. The idea strikes our fancy. It would be refreshing to hear a little more of the Rights of Man.

Good News of "F. E."

We are glad to have better news of the health of Lord Birkenhead, who was very near a breakdown when he left England. An eight-hour day for politicians, journalists, and other deserving persons would be a sound institution.

A Significant Story.

And what a fight it will be when Lord Birkenhead and Sir John Simon oppose each other as candidates for the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University. There is a story that on determining to enter political life the two young men, who were contemporaries at Oxford, tossed a coin for choice of Party. And Mr. F. E. Smith lost.

A Terrible Thought.

A group of scientists, headed by Professor Julian Huxley, are now trying to frighten us with the suggestion that, without visible distinction, there is a third sex floating about in our midst. We hope not. There has been bother enough with two.

Ocular Education.

In Japan they have found that, by spending six million pounds a year on cinema films in the schools, they have been able considerably to shorten the normal period of juvenile education. Is anything being done on these lines in the United Kingdom? We might do worse.

Lady Astor in the States.

Poor Lady Astor has had a hopeless task in endeavouring to convert her American compatriots to the League of Nations, while her effort to persuade them that they like Prohibition has been equally unsuccessful. Doubtless her Ladyship has been greatly surprised at her chilly reception over the water. Plymouth is *so* patient.

The Religion of the Future.

Our friend Sir Arthur Conan Doyle seems to think that the world will be converted to spiritualism in about fifty years. Yet two thousand years have not been long enough to procure the universal adoption of Christianity—a far more virile faith. It is much more likely that centuries hence men still will be asking with jesting Pilate, "What is truth?"

A Forgetful Vicar.

"Save for Christianity," the Vicar of Mansfield says, "there is no reason why we are not still going about with chains round our legs as slaves." Fancy that—and when Wilberforce wanted to free slaves throughout the British Empire a century or so ago, nearly every Bishop in the House of Lords voted against the proposal! But, of course, the good Vicar had forgotten that.

The Limit!

Clearly the South-East London landlord who advertises a three-roomed unfurnished flat to let at 30s. a week, £100 worth of furniture to be bought, and tenant to have "no children or likelihood," is of too retiring a disposition publicly to disclose his name. Thus conscience doth make cowards of us all.

Seven Days for Singing.

Mr. Hay Halkett sentenced a man, 65 years of age, to seven days for street singing. What else could the man do at his age, when men of 25 are at a discount as regards work? Even street singing is sometimes better than a discordant barrel-organ. But some Magistrates are very keen on filling the workhouses, though they would strongly object to spending their last days there themselves.

Long-winded Historians.

Begun February, 1916; cost to date, £11,000, estimated expenditure £2,200 a year. Such in a nutshell is the story of the War Office "History of the War." And the result of six years' toil and eleven thousand of the best is: "Volume I. will be published shortly"! At this giddy rate of output, those who fought may all be dead, and it is distinctly hard that they should also pay through the nose for a "History" of their deeds which they will never see.

Make Poisons Unobtainable.

In view of the recent Greenwood and Armstrong murder trials, in both of which the utilisation of arsenic as a weed-killer figured, could it not be made illegal for chemists to sell poison of any kind for that purpose? It is a better alternative to dig the weeds up. And as regards the destruction of animals, could not the local police undertake this work, using chloroform or a lethal chamber? There is much to be said for making it impossible for private individuals to secure any form of poison under any pretext.

Lucky Lambeth!

The zealous Medical Officer of Lambeth, having been baulked of his desire to establish an experimental tuberculosis dispensary—at the cost of the ratepayers—has developed a fresh ambition. He wishes to be officially responsible for the cleansing of verminous persons—duties so far carried out sufficiently well by the County Council and the Poor Law authorities. The M.O.'s new scheme would cost the ratepayers about £1,000 a year, which is rather a long price to pay for the capture of a few insects that may have escaped the notice of their hosts.

When Mercy Seasons Justice.

Sir Ernest Wild, K.C., the new Recorder for London, is proving himself not only a just, but also a merciful Judge; which is proving himself a righteous one. A typical instance of his humanity was the case of an old lag who, with only 4d. in his pocket, stole an overcoat temptingly displayed outside a shop, and the jury found him guilty of being an habitual criminal. At the time of the theft he was out of a job, had no chance of getting one, and received no unemployment pay. On the promise that he would "never commit another offence whatever the temptation," the Recorder inflicted the light punishment of nine months' hard labour. We know of Judges who would have awarded him five years' penal servitude.

Accused and Accuser.

The offence of soliciting in the public street is one for which few would urge clemency. At the same time, the least an accuser can do is to attend to support such a charge. While we commend the Tower Bridge Magistrate for refusing to convict two women against whom their accusers did not appear, we certainly maintain that no man should be permitted to prefer this horrible charge and then run away from the proof.

Death, Not Drink.

Yet another tragedy of mortal illness being mistaken for drunkenness has occurred. Arthur John Smith, a labourer, was found leaning against some railings in the Seven Sisters Road. At the police station the impression that he was drunk persisted. But, as a matter of fact, he was sick unto death, and became unconscious and died. It was subsequently found that death arose from the rupture of a diseased artery of the brain. The decision as to whether or no a person is drunk should not be left to more or less intelligent police-station officials, but where there is the faintest shadow of a doubt a doctor should at once be summoned.

Your Wife is tired

perhaps of last season's tennis frock, but if she looks inside "EVERYWOMAN'S," now on sale 2d., she will find a free pattern for a charming change of design. Tell her!

The Coue Craze.

Many who have heard of auto-suggestion for the first time through M. Coué's lectures and *seances* may imagine that it is something new. As a matter of fact it is as old as humanity, and instinctive in most minds. The small boy who whistles in the dark to keep his courage up is unconsciously practising auto-suggestion, and the savage, whirling and leaping in a wild war-dance, is doing the same—he tries, usually with success, to make himself believe that he is terrible.

A Dangerous Device.

When auto-suggestion is thus naturally and unconsciously practised it usually has no harmful results; but to indulge daily and deliberately in the vain repetition of a formula of words for the purpose of nothing less than self-hypnotism, carries with it dangers which it is difficult to exaggerate. It is undoubtedly possible to cure certain ailments by sheer force of will-power. But when the method is attempted by the uninstructed, there instantly arises grave peril of mental derangement, if not of insanity.

First Aid Failures.

Dr. Waldo for once spoke sound sense in the City the other day when he characterised it as a scandal and a disgrace to London that qualification in first aid is not compulsory for every Metropolitan Police constable. Why this essential equipment for dealing with emergencies should have been made a voluntary matter since the war is explicable only on the assumption that the authorities imagine that the ex-Service men from whom the police force is recruited have got quite accustomed to seeing people die, and would therefore not mind watching them do it.

The "Generous" Liquor.

Now, Mr. Pussyfoot, what have you got to say about it? Out of £1,771 collected for the Royal Hospital in the Richmond district, £1,081 came from breweries and public-houses. Not bad for degenerate wine-bibbers, is it? We wonder how much the sanctimonious cocoa corps subscribed.

Nasty Notes.

Once more our readers are warned to examine their Treasury notes; the forgers are still busy. Do not be satisfied by scrutinising the water-mark, which in the spurious notes is imitated beyond detection. What is badly done is the shading in the colour printing, especially on the figure of St. George. As a rule these forged notes are purposely soiled.

Looking Afar.

If there were no unemployed in the locality, we might perhaps be able to understand the Croydon Council seeking so far afield as Burton-on-Trent for an assistant clerk for their Insurance Committee; but as there are about 2,000 of them, we cannot. Moreover, as the Borough spends over £200,000 a year on free education, some of them ought to have been qualified for the job. We wonder how far they would go in the case of a really important post. To the North Pole?

Tarpaulin for a Tenant.

Wanting some material for a new cottage, a Northamptonshire builder coolly removed the roof from an occupied cottage he owned in the village of Collyweston, and replaced it with a tarpaulin sheet as his tenant's sole shield from the weather! As a result the cottage was condemned by the Sanitary Inspector, though on being re-roofed the Closing Order was withdrawn. The said tenant must have the patience and long-suffering of a saint—for anyone who hadn't would assuredly have given that Collyweston landlord a tangible souvenir of the occasion.

Ramsgate's Rigid Economists.

The right way to economise is, of course, to cut out every unnecessary expense. Yet one could wish that the Town Council of Ramsgate had not decided that they couldn't afford to give even small subscriptions towards funds for sending a national wreath of English-grown flowers to lay on the tomb of the United States' "Unknown Warrior," or for erecting a memorial at Calais to the Allied sailors and soldiers who fell in the War. Ramsgate owes its very existence to-day to those heroes who laid down their lives in driving back the enemy, whose real objective was the invasion of England.

Passing Him On.

A seaman named Orchard, seeking a berth, tramped from Cardiff to Southampton on the quest, and, meeting no success, without hesitation covered the weary miles to Grimsby in the hope of better luck. In these days of doles and unblushing mendicancy, this plucky search deserved a better reward than being run in as "being without visible means of support." The generous Bench, however, showed their appreciation of Orchard's manful attempt to find work by releasing him—on condition that he left the town! He was lucky they refrained from charging him for his night in gaol.

The Unsolved Problem.

It is all very well to talk about the falling cost of living, but it is not much use having lower prices when no wages are being earned. And this is still the plight, according to the latest returns, of 1,713,400 persons in this land fit for heroes to starve in.

"Conchies" Quaking.

That noble army of martyrs, the 240 conscientious objectors still snugly ensconced in the Civil Service, may now change their song of triumph to a squeal of rage, for the Select Committee has recommended that they shall not be promoted over the heads of those who served in the war, and that any reductions of staff shall be made first at their expense. It is to be hoped that all their squealing will not prevent these recommendations being put into practice.

Dear Gas and Cheap Lives.

The Board of Trade apparently considers the word to be as good as the deed. Having issued an order that the Gas Companies must not supply gas containing carbon monoxide unless the mixture possesses the distinguishing odour of coal gas, the official mind calmly regards the thing as settled. But a report by the Quarry Bank Medical Officer states that the smell of the gas in his district is almost nil, though it is "specially poisonous." Why not indict for manslaughter a few Gas Company officials?

Slaughter of the Innocents.

We are in agreement with Mr. T. A. Coward, of Bowden, that "the study of birds should entail protection." Clutches of the eggs of rare and beautiful birds, legally protected in certain counties—birds like the red-backed shrike and the pied flycatcher—are being illegally looted in thousands to swell the hoard of miserly and unconscionable collectors. This was averred by Lord Buxton at the last meeting of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. It is time these depredators were put in more wholesome fear of the law.

Pigging it in Sussex.

Unless it be for pigs, a pigsty can hardly be considered an ideal home, but the Local Authority responsible for housing matters in the district of Clayton, Sussex, apparently think otherwise. That is possibly why two local farm hands known as "John and Mary" are permitted to enjoy without question the untrammeled delights of a porcine palace at Baldock's Farm, under the shadow of Wolstonbury Hill. We understand there is another sty vacant in the same yard, but hope there is no need to apply early to avoid the rush.

Spare-time Jobs.

By protesting against the employment at at salary of £15 per annum of clerks in the Finance office of Lincoln Education Committee to collect contributions for the children in the Open Air Schools in their spare time, and advising that the work be given to someone who really needed it, Councillor Baker did the right thing. But unfortunately he was left protesting, the Education Committee preferring that the job should remain in the hands of officials who are already fully occupied. In present conditions there should be only one channel into which all spare-time employment should be diverted. It should go to the out-of-works

S.O.S.!

The present dispute between the wireless operators and the shipping companies has now reached a phase dangerous to the travelling public. The Board of Trade has given permission for vessels to sail without operators while the strike continues. Instead of intervening in the dispute with a firm determination to bring it to a settlement, the President of the Board has seen fit to act as a sort of strike-breaker, and at the same time to place seafarers in unnecessary peril.

Carlisle and Control.

Great results were expected from the control of the liquor trade in Carlisle by the State. If we may believe the executive of the Good Templar Lodge of England, lately in conference at Keswick, great things *have* resulted, but not quite of the kind anticipated. It is declared that, under the State Liquor Department, Carlisle has shown a larger percentage of convictions for drunkenness than the majority of English boroughs. We are not a bit surprised. Government control usually yields results opposite from those looked for.

The Valley of Ghosts

All Britain will be talking about the inscrutable mystery surrounding the great serial story by Edgar Wallace commencing in the May "PAN," on sale Friday, April 28th. Don't miss it!

Awful Crushing.

Sir Alfred Mond notwithstanding, there are still a few people unable to tune gladsome voices to the soulful song, "Ours is a nice house, ours is." In Bradford the Mental Deficiency Committee have reported a case in which a husband, his wife, a mentally defective daughter and her husband all slept in one bed, the only one in the house, and another case where a mother and three children, one a girl of 14, slept in the only bed, with a mentally deficient boy at the foot.

The Wrong Way Round.

A Glewstone (Monmouth) huckster named Lane was summoned for cruelty to a pony, which had been so neglected that it died in a field near the town. Lane, instead of burying the poor carcase, threw it into the River Wye, where it remained near the bank, within reach of passing dogs. For the first offence—cruelty for which there was no shadow of excuse—the accused was fined 10s. For the second—reprehensible, but not in the same class with the first—he was fined £2 and costs. Surely these sentences should have been reversed.

Bricklayers and Bankers.

John Peter Hauser, 31, a banker and a Dutchman, drove a car along King's Road, Chelsea. Swerving from side to side, he struck the kerb, collided with a lamp-post, and collapsed over the steering wheel. So drunk was he that he was unable to stop his own engine. He pleaded guilty; and at Westminster was fined 40s. for being drunk, and £5 for driving to the common danger. We wonder if Hauser would have escaped so lightly had he been a bricklayer instead of a banker!

Costly Criminal Procedure.

At a recent Quarter Sessions in Cornwall the only case for trial was that of a lad who pleaded guilty to stealing six shillings—nevertheless all the pomp and majesty of the Law were assembled to deal with it, including a host of officials and police, and twenty-four "special" and double the number of "common" jurymen. All these seventy-two good men and true were, of course, citizens who had to neglect their own businesses and to pay their own expenses incurred by their enforced attendance. Cannot any plan be devised, in these hard times, to prevent such wicked waste of time and money?

Starvation Statistics.

Though Sir Alfred Mond has not yet condescended to yield to our appeal for the publication of the number of people who perished from hunger in this country since 1918, he admitted, in the House of Commons, that there were five such deaths in Durham alone during 1920. The county has always had an unenviable notoriety in this respect, for out of a total of 222 poor wretches who succumbed to starvation during the years 1910-13 throughout the provinces, 37 died within its boundaries. There is obvious necessity for further inquiry, and the full figures for the whole of England should at once be ascertained.

Microbes and Milk.

Having heard that milk in the United States is free from *bacilli tuberculosis* and contains fewer than 30,000 micro-organisms per cubic centimetre, Dr. J. Robertson, Medical Officer for Birmingham, Mr. E. W. Langford, of the British Farmers' Union, and Mr. A. W. Gurden, of the Federation of Dairymen, are in New York inquiring about it. Investigations show that our home milk supply contains between 1,000,000 and 10,000,000 colon bacilli per cubic centimetre—a lot too many for any self-respecting Briton to drink with confidence, comfort, and safety. The one idea of cleaning milk in this country is to turn the water-tap on it!

The Kiss Criminal.

Reasonable people may feel a sneaking sympathy for a young man who kisses a pretty girl without the formality of an invitation; but William Green, 53, of Bolham Road, Smethwick, gets our goat. He is a public pest. Muriel Jordan, of Brand Hall, Warley, was walking along a lane when Green put his arm round her and kissed her. Apparently he makes a hobby of it, as many complaints have been made in the district of such assaults, and accused had been fined previously for a similar offence. The Oldbury Bench complimented Miss Jordan for coming forward, and sentenced the culprit to two months' hard. He deserved the time just as surely as the lady merited the congratulations.

Who Wants a "Thou."?

It is not everyone who has even once in a lifetime even seen a Bank of England note for £1,000 let alone possessed one. This exquisite pleasure may be yours—all for the slight expenditure of a little time and trouble in evolving a sentence of a few words—for that is the magnificent sum we are again offering this week as First Prize in our famous "Bullets" Competition.

THE SCOUNDREL AND THE SCHOOLGIRL.

AMAZING POLICE INDIFFERENCE IN THE PRESENCE OF A FOUL AND REVOLTING CRIME.

SHOCKING and sickening as are the details of the shameful story we have to relate, it is essential that it should be brought to light in order that an unspeakable scoundrel may not escape his just deserts. For obvious reasons we have suppressed names, but the evidence in our possession places the facts beyond dispute. Until recently living with her parents in Spitalfields was a little girl now fourteen years of age. The family, though in poor circumstances, are decent and respectable, and have lived and worked in the neighbourhood of the markets for a number of years. This child is unfortunately slightly mentally deficient, but her teachers give her a very good character within this limitation. Just about a year ago, when the girl was only thirteen, her mother noticed that she seemed to be out of sorts, and on examining her found that an unpleasant-looking rash had broken out on her hands. She at once took the child to a local doctor, who prescribed medicine which did not appear to have much effect, and being unable to afford continual medical expenses, obtained from a local clergyman two letters entitling the child to receive treatment free of charge at the London Dispensary, Fournier Street, Spitalfields.

An Astounding Discovery.

The girl attended there for a period of six weeks—at the end of which time the London County Council School Attendance Officer demanded a medical certificate to explain her non-attendance at school. The Medical Officer of the London Dispensary certified that the child was suffering from scabies, and the certificate was handed to the School Attendance Officer, who gave instructions that she should be taken to the Council Cleansing Station where she could be given sulphur baths—which are, of course, part of the recognised treatment for this irritating complaint. There the doctor in charge of the school clinic made the astounding discovery that this child, only thirteen years of age, had been infected with venereal disease. The mother, scarcely able to credit the possibility of such a terrible thing, questioned her daughter closely as to whether she had ever been interfered with by anyone, and after a certain amount of prevarication commonly met with in such circumstances, the girl confessed that she had had intimate relations with a certain man whose name is now in our possession.

"Put Away."

The distracted mother at once took the child to the London Hospital, where, after several hours of anxious waiting, she was informed by one of the medical staff that nothing could be done for her at that institution. Shortly after her return home, she was visited by two police officers in plain clothes, who asked her to take the child to the police station, whence she was removed to the London Lock Hospital for venereal diseases, and admitted as an in-patient. She remained in that institution, and was at last discharged and certified to be fit to attend school. Then, one day last month, she was suddenly pounced upon while at school by a couple of police officers, and dragged to the Children's Court at Shoreditch. The matter was remanded for a week, and she was placed in a Remand Home, where her clothes were destroyed. Finally she was ordered to be sent to an institution and remain there until she reached the age of sixteen. Two officials of the London County Council declared that the child's mother desired this course to be adopted, although she asserts that such a suggestion had never entered her head. A fortnight afterwards the woman, anxious for her girl's welfare, called at the local offices of the London County Council Committee to ascertain the address of the institution to which she had been sent, in order that she might visit her. She was told that the address would be given to her only if she would promise not to go there and see the child, and when she very naturally refused to give any such undertaking she was brusquely shown the door. Whether it is for the good of the child that she should be confined in an institution in this manner may be a matter of opinion, but there can be no justification for this extraordinary refusal to allow her to be visited by her mother. We are more concerned, however, with the amazing inactivity of the police and the London County Council officials in regard to the foul author of all this terrible trouble. The child, whose mental deficiency is not so marked that she cannot tell the truth, has given the name of the wretch who so vilely assaulted her and caused her condition; yet nothing is done to secure for him the punishment which he so richly deserves.

Immunity for a Villain.

There appears not the slightest doubt as to his identity, and that such a scoundrel should be allowed to contaminate an innocent schoolgirl in this fashion and go scot free is a most shameful disgrace. Our much-vaunted laws for the protection of the purity of childhood are tinkling cymbals indeed if they cannot avail to do justice in such a case as this. Here is work for Mr. Shortt.

CREATING CATASTROPHE.

INEFFICIENT INSPECTION OF WORK-PLACES.

Two extremely expensive Government offices are the Ministry of Labour and the Mines Department, both of which retain a large staff of Inspectors, whose duty it is to see that workers on dangerous jobs are safeguarded. Yet, at the inquest on Joseph Beeson, victim of a fatal and peculiarly horrible accident at Cinderhill Colliery—when, being engaged in the "corn-chamber" of the mine, he was caught by the shaft and literally whirled to death—it transpired that this most dangerous work-place had never been inspected. It appeared that Inspectors under the Workshops and Factories Acts have no jurisdiction within the precincts of a colliery, while the Mines Inspector had never been shown or discovered for himself the existence of this veritable death trap. It is amazing and disquieting to note also that the jury merely recorded a colourless verdict of "accidental death," and apparently the matter was left at that. The strongest possible representations should have been made at once to the responsible Government authority—in this instance presumably the Secretary of the Mines Department—and a most stringent official Inquiry demanded. There is no purpose for which the overburdened taxpayers contribute more willingly than to the heavy public charges imposed for this service of insuring the lives and limbs of workers, and such incidents as this, and the recent appalling case of a highly dangerous factory that had never been inspected or even registered at all, point to the most heinous official slackness and inefficiency in these most important directions. The weakness probably arises from some of the Inspectors being too big for their boots.

PENT-UP PENITENCE.

A CASE FOR THE HOME SECRETARY'S SYMPATHY.

There is at present in Wandsworth Prison, undergoing a sentence of twelve months' hard labour, a young man, twenty-one years of age, known by the name of Albert Murton. He was awarded this punishment in December last in connection with the theft of a motor-car. He stoutly maintains his innocence, asserting that he was the dupe of others, and that at the time of his arrest he was merely minding the car for them, not knowing it to have been stolen. His innocence or guilt in this respect, however, is of secondary importance. If a penitent prisoner desires to make reparation for a grievous wrong, it is hard indeed that he should be so pent up by red-tape that he cannot move in the direction in which his contrition urges him. Shortly before he was sentenced, Murton wronged a girl with whom he had become acquainted some six months before, and she is soon to become a mother. There is no doubt that a deep affection exists between the couple. The young fellow's one desire is that he may marry the girl before the child is born. The fact that he was himself brought into the world under a bar sinister adds strength to his feeling for his unborn offspring. A large number of friends of both parties have endeavoured to move the authorities to grant Murton leave to enable him to carry out his wish, but without avail. Seeing that Mr. Shortt will in all probability soon vacate the Home Secretaryship, we appeal to him to signalise his departure from office by an act of sympathetic clemency, which would meet with sincere public approval, by allowing this young man to make the restitution he desires to the girl whom he wronged but still loves and respects.

"SITUATIONS VACANT."

TRICK ADVERTISEMENTS TO TRAP OUT-OF-WORKS.

There is an old adage to the effect that "things are not always what they seem," and this applies more particularly to the newspaper columns headed "Situations Vacant." A reader seeing in a daily paper the announcement "Travellers wanted, willing to be trained for a month. Salary, comm.," naturally thought he was on the track of a sound job. In reply, however, he received a communication from a concern calling itself "The Premier Commercial College for the Training of Commercial Travellers," of 3, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, London, W. At the "College" he was informed that a job would be guaranteed him on completion of one month's training, for which he would be expected to pay nine pounds! A second venture brought him in touch with an advertisement that was even more blatantly deceptive. It was worded "Clerk wanted in an old-established business. State age, experience, salary required. No callers. Enclose addressed envelope in any case." The reply consisted of a letter, headed from 14, Wigmore Street, W., and signed "F. T. Nettleinghame," pointing out the importance of writing a convincing letter when answering advertisements, and offering, for one guinea, to supply one specially composed to meet the applicant's individual requirements. Now both of these "ads." could in no proper sense be considered *bona-fide* advertisements of vacant berths. It is a great pity that the newspapers which specialise in "smalls" cannot evolve some system by which the unemployed may be protected against such trickery. By so doing they would be rendering a great service to a large number of unfortunate out-of-works.

If you feel lazy in the Spring, JOHN BULL'S coming announcement will wake you up!

BUNKERED BY BUMBLE.

SUMMONED FOR RATES AND DEPRIVED OF LIVING.

Truly the ways of Bumbledom grow daily more and more beyond ordinary human understanding. In and about the township of Weymouth, Mr. Ernest Foxon, a professional conjurer and illusionist who performs under the name of The Marvellous Erno, has managed for a long time to support himself and his wife and family in citizen respectability, notwithstanding a scarcity of music-hall engagements, by performing at various public and private functions and in schools. During the winter months he has frequently given his services at local entertainments in aid of charity, and been thanked from the platform and in the Press. Thanks, however, do not enrich a banking account, and the time arrived when the popular entertainer was unable to pay his rates, and was summoned in consequence. In view of his distressed condition, the immediate claim was waived, but he was instructed to see to it that he made arrangements for the payment of the next quarter's demand. He accordingly made application for permission to erect an attractive booth on the beach during the forthcoming summer season, but to his astonishment his application was refused without any reason being assigned. He then approached the Education Committee for permission to give performances in schools at the close of the session, but this was likewise refused, although he holds testimonials from local schoolmasters regarding the enjoyment with which the children had witnessed his performance. Apparently the local big-wigs regard poverty as a heinous crime, and consider a man who is unable to pay his rates would pollute their precious beach if he performed on it and contaminate the children if he endeavoured to amuse them.

PITY THE POOR PARSON!

SITTINGBOURNE CLERGYMAN BADLY BLED.

Pity the sorrows of the Rev. Charles Arthur Maginn, B.D., Rector of Wormshill, Sittingbourne, Kent. The Governors of Christ's Hospital are the patrons of the living, and when the rev. gentleman was appointed to it in 1906 their Clerk, Mr. Franks, thought the dilapidations might cost £100, there or thereabouts; but their Surveyor saw things which their Clerk saw not, and estimated them at £850. This liability was really that of the previous Rector, but he paid only £130. Mr. Maginn was mulcted £300 out of his own pocket; Christ's Hospital contributed £100, and Queen Anne's Bounty found the rest. During the 18 months the rectory was undergoing repair Mr. Maginn had to find lodgings in the village at his own expense. At last, in 1909, he settled down in the rectory with his wife, and for a time all the flowers in the garden seemed lovely. But the roseate hues of early dawn, how fast they fade away! Last year Archdeacon Spooner, of Maidstone, came to inspect the place with a Christ's Hospital Surveyor. They were not asked by Mr. Maginn to inspect anything; indeed, they were not invited at all. Mrs. Maginn at this time was so ill that she died soon afterwards. The result of the visit of the Archdeacon and the Surveyor was that the latter assessed further dilapidations to the rectorial premises at £714, expressed the view that they should be executed within six months, and presented a note for his fees amounting to £19 2s. Mr. Maginn is a poor man. His net stipend is about £283 per annum, and it is surely a financial infliction that he should be bled of all this money to maintain in costly repair an old 11-roomed house in which he has to live in order to succour the souls of the 160 people who form the population of Wormshill. Though his case is indeed hard, it is unfortunately by no means an isolated one.

GETTING THE BIRD.

POULTRY YARD PROWLER PROMPTLY SQUASHED.

There are so many wolves disguised in sheep's clothing waiting to pounce upon the lamb-folds that parents cannot be too careful not to allow their daughters to be lured into communication with strangers who are not prospective employers but who may reply to their advertisements for employment. A week or two ago, a farmer's widow, at present residing in London, inserted an announcement in a well-known West of England newspaper in the following terms:—

> GIRL (18, farmer's daughter) WISHES TO LEARN up-to-date POULTRY KEEPING. Would assist mistress house. Good home essential. Willing worker. Pocket money. Apply, etc.

By no stretch of the imagination can this be regarded as a matrimonial advertisement. Yet it elicited, among others, the following reply:

> 4, West Street, Southampton, Hants.
> *Saturday.*
>
> Miss———.
>
> I see in the "——— ———" your Advt. I should like to hear further particulars from you, *as I like your Advt. very much.*
>
> Trusting to hear from you by an early Post, which will be *strictly Private* and *Confidential.*
>
> I remain, faithfully yours,
> (Mr.) G. TURNER.
>
> P.S.—Even should you be suited on receipt of this letter perhaps you would kindly Reply and I will write more fully on hearing from you.—G. T.

The girl, frankly disgusted with this extraordinary epistle, was just about to burn it when her mother saw it, and wondering what the man could want with her daughter even if she were suited with employment, determined to find out what his little game was. She therefore wrote to him explaining that she was a farmer's widow, that her daughter was at present at home helping her with her domestic duties, and asking the nature of the employment he proposed to offer her. She also mentioned that the girl has brothers who are themselves farmers. Apparently undismayed by the prospect of a couple of hefty sons of the soil taking a hand in the investigation of his extraordinary interest in their sister, he sat down in hot haste and penned an ungrammatical reply, which for cool effrontery is well-nigh unsurpassable. In it he boldly declared that he merely answered the advertisement because he thought how much he would like to make the girl's acquaintance, and that she would perhaps appreciate "a steady and honourable Gentleman, a *strict* Total Abstainer and of a very loving and affect. disposition," and after stating that he was the only son of deceased parents who had left him comfortably provided with means of his own, expressed the hope that he might hear from her.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

It is to be hoped that this impudent attempt to get into touch with a young girl was merely the ill-considered indiscretion of a love-lorn fool, but the anxious mother-heart, ever watchful for the child's welfare, saw the hideous danger which might lurk behind the mask of simplicity, and promptly quashed his amorous aspirations. Her anxiety and suspicion will be appreciated by every mother of daughters, who will readily realise the necessity for proceeding with extreme caution in such circumstances, and, we believe, will thoroughly approve of her action. While it is, of course, quite possible that no harm might have been done through association with the love-lorn one who adopts such extraordinary methods of getting into communication with the fair sex, had ill resulted, it would in all probability have been of an irremediable nature, and left a lasting sorrow in the life of the widow. As for Cupid's victim, we would recommend him to modify his methods very considerably, and make quite clear in the first instance what his intentions are in replying to advertisements for employment for young girls.

POLITICAL AMENITIES.

POPLAR'S LANSBURY PRACTISES LIMEHOUSING.

Mr. George Lansbury has again forced himself into dubious publicity. Addressing a meeting of the North London Branch of the National Union of General Workers, at Edmonton Town Hall, he made a vitriolic attack upon Sir Alfred Warren, the member for that division. So far as we are aware, the majority of the electors are well satisfied with him. But, according to Lansbury, they have "one of Poplar's 'throw-outs' who, not being able to stand where he was known, came to where he was not known. Poplar had Sir Alfred Yeo, Sir Alfred Warren, and other 'Sirs,'" proceeded the speaker. "In Poplar they were as common as fleas. . . . They had voted for Sir Alfred because he was going to hang the Kaiser. . . . He had not hung the Kaiser because dog did not eat dog nor would cousin eat cousin." We will leave this disgraceful *innuendo* to the indignation of our readers, and see how far he was justified in his charges against Sir Alfred Warren. In the first place, Sir Alfred is not a "Poplar throw-out," as he did not stand at the last Borough Council Election. Neither is he one of Poplar's "Sirs," since at the time he received his knighthood he had been living for three and a half years outside Poplar. Mr. Lansbury apparently forgot how, on the occasion of the funeral of the Bow air-raid victims, he declared to Sir Alfred his intention of "abandoning the doctrine of hate and force," for hate obviously inspired his speech at Edmonton. If, as is rumoured, he contemplates standing for that constituency at the next General Election, he could not have made a worse start in his endeavour to win the confidence of the electors.

THE SWANKY YANKEE.

LANCASTER'S LATEST LURID LURE.

We do not know whether it is true that all good Americans, when they die, go to Paris; but we are quite certain that a great many bad ones, while they are alive, come to London. One of these is Lancaster, the swanky flat-catcher whose methods of living on other people's gullibility we have before exposed. Six months ago he was installed in Salisbury House, E.C., and was endeavouring by means of an attractive advertisement, offering a minimum of £15 per week, to induce ex-officers to peddle for his benefit almost worthless shares in a concern called the Invader Oil and Refining Company, of Muskogee, Oklahoma. Soon after our exposure Salisbury House knew him no more, but he has popped up again round the corner, at 2 and 3, West Street, Finsbury Circus, where he is inveigling "mugs" with more money than sense into investing in The Mike Henry Consolidated, Inc., said to be organised under the laws of the State of Delaware, U.S.A., and registered with the Secretary of the State of Oklahoma, U.S.A. A small investor, who had unwarily allowed himself to be lured into this net and parted with several hundred pounds, informed us that he could get no sort of satisfaction from Lancaster and Company—so we paid a visit to the swanky Yankee. He blandly informed us that it was quite true that there is no market for shares in Mike Henry Consolidated, Inc., etc., and no possibility of money being realised upon them at the present time, although at some future period—which was too remote for him to specify—the property might become extremely valuable. By that time it would not surprise us if Lancaster had turned into a good American and gone to Paris, or—as Oscar Wilde wittily suggested—died as a bad one and gone to America. We suggest that he had better go there straight away.

To miss getting JOHN BULL will be to miss the Great Surprise!

THE ENGINEERS' TRAGEDY.

BY THE RIGHT HON. LORD ASKWITH.

[Lord Askwith, who has unrivalled experience as conciliator in trade disputes, having occupied the important and arduous post of Chief Industrial Commissioner as well as the Chairmanship of the Industrial Council and of the Fair Wages Advisory Committee, earnestly pleads for an effort by representatives of both sides to the engineering dispute to effect a speedy business settlement.]

WITHOUT, taking into account the shipbuilding dispute, that in the Engineering and allied trades is alone sufficient to add a vast number of unemployed to the many who are out of work from the lack of trade throughout the world in general. The dispute has been extended from that between the Engineering and National Employers' Federations and the Amalgamated Engineering Union. It now involves about forty-seven other Unions; and, in spite of meeting after meeting and conciliatory efforts by the National Joint Council of the Labour movement, the Ministry of Labour, and various leaders of Trade Unions, scarcely seems to be approaching a settlement. It is quite time that it stopped. Co-operation and the working together of employers and employed will never be effected if a long dispute is to be maintained and if the hideous bitterness resulting from a knock-down blow is to be the final result. One point that strikes the observer is that this industrial war is becoming overlaid with all sorts of questions and suspicions which prevent calm consideration of the real issues between the parties.

Over-rating the "Reds."

Whatever number of extremists there may be among the engineers, and however much extremists may desire to reap advantage for their own ends from the present imbroglio, it may well be doubted if they have much influence upon it, and no good can be gained by accusing all engineers of being Bolshevists and Communists. Neither can much advantage accrue from suggesting that there is a conspiracy among employers to strike at the Unions at a time when their funds are depleted by unemployment payments; or to imply that the Employers' Federations are picking a quarrel in order to introduce the iron heel. It is of the first moment that both sides should endeavour to drop mutual suspicion, and not impute plots and conspiracies or give such motives an undue weight in calm consideration of the questions at issue. It would appear that the dispute arose upon a question of interpretation in an agreement made at the end of 1920. The agreement had begun with the words: "The Federation of Trade Unions agree that systematic overtime is deprecated as a method of production, and that when overtime is necessary the following provisions shall apply." The question which arose was whether the need for overtime was a point to be decided by the employer before or after conference with the Trade Union representatives. The employers said that they could require overtime, and if it was objected to the question could be subsequently discussed.

Confusing the Issues.

The Unions held very strongly that before overtime could be put in force they should be consulted, and particularly objected to overtime being used upon ordinary production work in contradistinction to special pressure or the fulfilment of a particular piece of work. The long arguments and conferences upon this point, the manner in which other questions have arisen, the alleged ultimatum of the employers, the addition of other matters which now induce the employers to say that all they desire is an arrangement which will allow them to carry on the work, the ballot and the statement that the ballot was neither open nor unintimidated, and the further statement that the ballot was insufficient, are details which the public would have difficulty in following, and with which the parties themselves are probably confused. The real points now at issue are—what are the material matters which employers can and should decide in order to have the necessary control over their business and management; and what arrangements should be made with the Trade Unions and the men so as to prevent the conditions of life in the workshops being arbitrarily altered without just consideration, and to the prejudice of the Unions and other works. Both parties have got to come down to some general rules which can either govern particular branches of work entirely, or which can be illustrated by examples in such a way that employers or employed will have no just reason for bad infringements of the principles involved. With goodwill on both sides, it is surely not beyond the capacity of the experts in the industry itself to establish such general working rules. They have been in existence before; they are in existence in plenty of non-federated firms.

The Business Way Out.

There are methods for fighting friction if friction arises. A small committee on each side with intent to do business could effect a business result within a few days. These huge organisations fighting upon alleged principles are becoming a danger to the State. In the interests of the State and of the country at large it is quite time that they stopped a war which can lead nowhere except to bad feeling and renewed struggles in the future. If these two great bodies continue to drift into positions where they break off meetings, will not take ballots—lengthy as that process is—and will not accept reasonable hints given to them by negotiators, many others besides the parties involved suffer seriously, and the country at large has a right to call upon them to come to terms of peace.

DAMAGED GOODS.

DREAD DISEASE TO BE "INQUIRED INTO."

One of the many scourges of the war was venereal disease. It was always with us, as with every other nation; but the war made it widespread and virulent, catching members of practically every class in the community. Even the church, as a doctor stated some time ago, is not free from it. In their fight with disease it is not the concern of medical men as such to concern themselves with public or private morals. Their business is to investigate, to study, and if possible ameliorate or cure. It is, therefore, with high satisfaction that we hail the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry into venereal disease under the chairmanship of Lord Trevethin, the ex-Lord Chief Justice, with terms of reference as sane and sober as those made to them by the eminent body which has brought them together. They will meet from time to time, these men of high reputation in the medical world, "to consider and report upon the best medical measures for *preventing* venereal disease in the civil community, having regard to administrative practicability, including costs." "Prevention is better than cure," as we have often pointed out in regard to this matter, and we congratulate the Government on at last disregarding the whine of some of the Puritans that the dissemination of knowledge of preventive means would "put a premium on vice." Human nature can never be altered by legislation.

BOOTLESS BARGAINS.

THORNE AND CO. STILL UP TO THEIR TRICKS.

During the war a great many of the mail-order firms well known to us on account of their somewhat questionable and tricky methods of business either closed down or suspended their operations for a while. We are, however, again receiving complaints from people who have sent these old stagers money. T. Thorne & Co., costumiers and outfitters, of 63, Great Portland Street, W., still continue to be a thorn in the sides of the unwary. Their latest victim is a Leamington reader, who ordered two pairs of boots and sent 10s. on account, undertaking to pay the balance by monthly instalments. Instead of sending the two pairs of boots, however, Thorne forwarded one pair and those of such poor quality that the purchaser promptly returned them, demanding the refund of the deposit. This the firm appear to have ignored—for after receiving the goods back, they forwarded a payment card crediting the 10s. as if nothing had happened, no doubt intending to convey the idea that the parcel had gone astray. They have got the 10s., however, and for all they care our reader might be walking about "on his uppers." This incident, following so closely on that of attempting to dun a girl into paying for goods never ordered and never delivered, confirms us in our opinion that the business is a tricky one, on which more light still needs to be shed.

"HUSHED UP"!

BETHNAL GREEN GUARDIAN'S HORRIBLE SECRETS.

If Councillor B. Gray, of Bethnal Green, is right, the searchlight of a public Inquiry on the Bethnal Green Workhouse would reveal some pungent happenings. The Master of the Workhouse recently brought an action against Mr. F. L. Smith, engineer, and Mr. A. E. Strong, dispenser, for slander. According to Press reports, Mr. W. C. Noton, who had been promoted from Assistant Master to Master, obtained from Strong certain articles commonly used for limiting families. Noton alleged that the appliances had failed, and requested the dispenser to procure him various medicines to be administered to the woman—a nurse with whom he had misconducted himself. It appeared that some friction developed regarding discipline, and in the row the facts of the Master's relations with the nurse became public. Urged by the Guardians, Noton brought the action which failed because Mr. Justice Darling accepted the testimony of the dispenser. Smith and Strong were, however, discharged, and Strong is still without a situation. The Master, against whom these serious allegations were made, is still occupying his responsible position, and Councillor Gray, moving that Noton had been sufficiently punished by the publicity, said: "They had had worse things than that hushed up"! We hope the ratepayers of Bethnal Green will insist on details of the scandals referred to.

JOHN BULL has a grand surprise up its sleeve!

SAINTS AND SINNERS:

By THE CANDID FRIEND.

PEN PORTRAITS OF PROMINENT PEOPLE.

FIELD-MARSHAL EARL HAIG OF BEMERSYDE.

THIS week we are going to discuss a great soldier, a great Britisher, and a great gentleman. I use the word gentleman in the best sense of the term. I am going to talk to you about Earl Haig—or as readers of JOHN BULL generally call him—"Duggie."

Every ex-soldier and sailor who did his bit in the Great War knows to-day that "Duggie" is the man who has never failed in promoting and protecting their interests in these far from "piping" days of peace.

It was the same in the war. "They say Haig's the man," was a slogan of hope at a time of Britain's deepest and direst troubles during the great campaign.

He had not sat for that kind of brilliant ineffaceable sketch by which the leaders of our London and South African Armies became figures as intimate to the Englishman and the Scot as the cheap picture of "King Billy" is to the Irish Protestant.

In the rough, the "common" soldier's estimate of his generals is a sound one. And, long before he took over the command, Earl Haig was spoken of by every Tommy as a great man. It is very wonderful that an improvised soldier who knows no more of strategy than can be learnt from regular attendance in a Burnley cotton-mill should come out as an accurate judge of a remote general's character. But Tommy did; and long before the Somme offensive became an operation in which mistakes by Haig would have been very disastrous for the British soldier, that acute fighter was satisfied that Haig was the sort of man for whom he ought to go through hell-fire and other unpleasant things.

Lord French's despatches on the great retreat of "The Old Contemptibles" recorded "the skilful manner in which Sir Douglas Haig extricated his corps from an exceptionally difficult position in the darkness of the night" from Marvilles. He is a master of small detail in the handling of troops, as well as a contriver of vast attacking movements.

He had that gift of incalculable value to a leader of men—perpetual coolness. The imperturbable man gives his brain so much the better chance of getting on with its work; and when a Commander-in-Chief's job resembles that of an overworked mathematician more than it does the old-fashioned convention of a god-like man on an Arab charger, the calm, cool, industrious, learned leader is the one to win victories.

In the immortal October battle at Ypres a shell struck Earl Haig's headquarters, burst inside the house, and killed or wounded everyone on the staff except the Field-Marshal himself—who was thrown down and remained unconscious over an hour. When he recovered he refused to go to hospital, and, dazed and staggering, yet helped Lord French to make new dispositions and roll the Germans back at Gheluvelt.

In the critical period of the terrific drive at him by an enemy with vastly greater numbers and artillery, he said again and again, "God alone can save us." But his iron nerve never failed.

Earl Haig joined the 7th Hussars in 1885. His first war service was in the Sudan in 1898. In the South African war he earned a name as a cavalry leader, and was in the Battle of Elandslaagte, the operations round Colesberg, at Paardeberg, and the relief of Kimberley. He was Chief of Staff from 1909 to 1912 in India, then was transferred to the Aldershot command.

"Lucky Haig" they called him. But his advancement was won by work, not luck.

Earl Haig is what the old romantic fictionists used to call "*un beau sabreur*." Most of his life has been spent on horseback, and he is a figure of grace in the saddle. He is just over the middle height, springy, deep-chested. His face is distinguished and handsome, his forehead is at once high and broad, and he has a pugnacious chin. His greyed hair and moustache look as if they had a glint of gold in them. In serene mood his eyes are blue in shade, but in times of stress they turn almost grey.

Haig is externally a Cavalier, but in temperament he is a Roundhead. He is not pietistic, but has a deep fund of piety. Socially he is the pleasantest of men, but he has little conversation. When he is inclined to loosen his tongue at all, he helps speech out with explanatory motions of the hands and arms.

The soldiers swear by him. They call him "Duggie." The familiarity of the name would indicate that all Haig's sternness has never disguised from the men he had led so well his deep affection for the rank and file. He was born in the "Kingdom of Fife," and, of course, Scotland will not relinquish her claim to her distinguished son, yet there is something very John Bullish about this great Scots field-marshal, whose proudest decoration is the French Military Medal, pinned upon his breast by M. Clemenceau. "It's dogged as does it" sums up the final triumph of Haig and the men he led in battle—and whom he is leading to-day in their fight for existence in an England which is certainly not as yet "a land fit for heroes to live in."

My old friend, the late Major-General Sir Alfred Turner, K.C.B., once remarked to me when we were discussing Earl Haig, that his great services to the Empire had not been sufficiently mentioned by Ministers and others.

"But that will all come in time," said Sir Alfred, "and Haig is the very last man who would wish for any bolstering up here or elsewhere. In spite of politicians and the fearful strain of the greatest campaign which mankind has ever known, he has held his own throughout and he will hold his own in the future. His services cannot be hidden."

I agree with Sir Alfred Turner. Earl Haig is not a man of whom you can write in the past tense, because he is a great Britisher with a great future. It is a future with which readers of JOHN BULL will be familiar.

Sir Kreemy in the Workshop

THOSE who put the best into their work appreciate the Toffee into which the best ingredients (and nothing but the best) are put—Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee is pure and nourishing. Pop a piece into your mouth at any time—you will find it comforting and enlivening—a delicious tit-bit to make enjoyable life's most monotonous moments.

8d. per ¼ lb.

Sold loose by weight or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also sold in 1/-, 1/6 and 2/9 tins. If unobtainable in your district kindly send postcard giving name of your confectioner.

E. SHARP & SONS, Ltd., Maidstone.

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

"It speaks for itself."

Your Foot Troubles Instant Relief Prove It At My Expense

10,000 FREE Treatments.

DON'T SEND ME MONEY.—Let me prove without payment that I have the most successful foot treatment ever made. It matters not what your foot trouble—Corns, Chilblains, Bunions, Hard Skin, Tender, Tired, Sore, Swollen, Aching, Perspiring, and Smelling Feet, Rheumatic and Gout Pains—I have a preparation that will give your feet a new lease of life. I don't care how many so-called cures, shields, or pads you have tried, you have not tried mine.

It is a wonderful yet simple home treatment, which removes the cause of trouble and leaves your feet free from all foot misery. I know it will do all this, and I want you to send for free treatment. *Briefly state your foot trouble and enclose two stamps for actual postage etc. I will send you the treatment by return.*

Mr. H. LEE (Dept. 99), 81, Lamb's Conduit St., LONDON, W.C.

USE THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To Mr. H. Lee (Dept. 99), 81, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.

Please send me FREE your treatment for Foot Troubles, as advertised in JOHN BULL. I enclose two stamps to cover postage, etc.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. .....

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS.

(This space is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.)

To the Right Hon. Sir Robert Horne, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

My Dear Chancellor,—I observe that you are being strongly urged, and with good reason, to announce a reduction in the Income Tax in that Budget statement, which we are all so anxiously expecting. It is clear that as the tax stands at present it is a burden on industry and a hindrance to trade. But do not forget that the poor man is entitled to relief as well as the plutocrat, and to-day, beer, which is the national beverage, and the only drink that he can afford, stands at more than double the pre-war price. No doubt this suits the Pump-Puritan persecutors of the poor, but it is a grievous injustice none the less. John Bull.

To the Right Hon. Lord Leverhulme, Port Sunlight.

Dear Lord Leverhulme,—An old grocer yourself and the son of a grocer, you ought to know, if anyone does, how best to propitiate a customer. The greatest asset in any business, you recently informed a gathering of fellow-traders, was what you described as "hospitality"—the happy smile, the enquiry after the customer's family's health, and a bright radiating influence which is attractive but impossible to describe. Admitted, but surely best of all is to deliver the goods and eschew profiteering. That "happy smile," too, would come with much better grace from young ex-Service men behind the counter than from young women. Add that to your advice, and I am with you.

John Bull.

To the Right Hon. J. Ian Macpherson, K.C., M.P., Minister of Pensions.

Dear Mr. Macpherson,—I have never known a more astounding statement made by a Minister concerning the operations of the Department which he controls than your intimation that a pension of £500 a year for life had been awarded for less than twenty-four hours' service in the Army, that a war pension had been granted for the loss of a finger before the war, and that a pension was even being drawn for obesity acquired during the time when civilians were rationed nearly to starvation. You did not say what you proposed to do about it, but it is inconceivable that you can permit such a monstrous state of things to continue. These pensions must be withdrawn at once, and the authorities who granted them should be surcharged with the sums so shamefully squandered. John Bull.

To Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson.

Dear Sir Henry,—I am very sorry to notice that in your last speech you appear actually to court civil war in Ireland. Your invitation to the "President of the Irish Republic" to march on Ulster is positively asking for trouble, and does much to discredit the Ulster cause. During the war you rendered splendid service to the Empire, which still needs your unique gifts and supreme military genius. But for God's sake don't fan the flames of racial and religious feeling in Ireland. John Bull.

To Dr. A. Lapthorn Smith, The Bedley Head, London.

Dear Doctor,—Thank you for nothing. Many people have written books on how to live long and die happy; I like yours on "How to be Useful and Happy from Sixty to Ninety," less than any of them. It is in fact the most horrible book of its kind I have ever read. According to you, the only way to make reasonably certain of living a lovely longevity is to give up smoking, abandon beer, wines, spirits, tea and coffee, avoid pork, dine off boiled mutton, chew liquorice, live at Worthing, dance to a gramophone, rise at 6 in the morning, be in bed by 10 at night, and generally make oneself miserable in order to be merry. I do not think many of us want to live until 90 on these terms. Worthing and boiled mutton would alone bore us to death years before. John Bull.

To O. H. Cochrane, Esq., Coroner for Middlesbrough, Yorks.

Dear Mr. Coroner,—You rather puzzle me by your comments at the inquest on John McQuade, the Worcester Street steel smelter who threw himself under a railway engine. No doubt the man was on ill terms with his wife and family. He drank inordinately; he frightened his wife and children into staying out all night in the street; he chased them round the house with a hammer, smashed up two bedroom suites, broke mirrors, tore his wife's clothes, and then vanished; and because when the Relieving Officer found McQuade smashing windows at the house like a madman he had the man removed to a lunatic asylum, you fall upon the officer with the weight of a ton of bricks, stating that McQuade was not in a condition which entitled the authorities to put him under restraint. You then return a verdict of "Suicide while of unsound mind." Surely your verdict is absurd—or your previous remarks are. John Bull.

To Arthur Nelson, Milk Dealer, New Barn Street, Plaistow.

Sir,—I gather from Mr. Ratcliffe Cousins, the West Ham Magistrate, that you have narrowly escaped going to gaol. Speaking for myself, I think you ought to be there; the experience would be more likely to improve your habits than the £20 fine inflicted on you. Not only were you caught selling milk 95.6 per cent. deficient in fat—practically all water—but in Court you have the audacity to plead that your defrauded customers did not ask you for a pint of milk, but only for a pint! That convinces me that you are an unprincipled sophisticator, whose lesson in honest business ought to be learned under lock and key.

John Bull.

To the Rev. Canon Meyrick, Vicar of St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich.

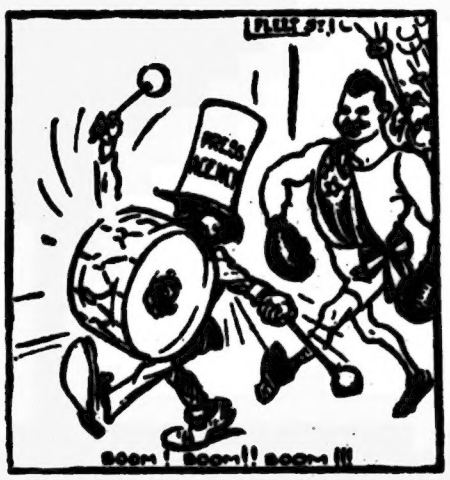
My Dear Canon,—There has been so much cant about the cinema by *quasi*-religious cranks lately that I rejoice to find you adopting such a sensible view on the subject. When a local picture-theatre was opened recently, you went upon the stage and gave an address. Of course there was a terrible hullabaloo about it, and you came in for a good deal of criticism, as might be expected in a Cathedral city, but I am glad to find you are absolutely unrepentant. Broad-minded parsons always do get followed about by a lot of yelping fault-finders. Pay no attention, but go on taking a sane and human interest in the pleasures of the people. John Bull.

To Lady Susan Townley, Winkfield Place, Windsor Forest.

Dear Lady Sue,—Don't you think you were a trifle hard on the policeman who checked you in your wild career when motoring in a dangerous manner through the streets of the Royal Borough a few days ago? In view of the fact that you scattered scared children to the right and left, he was merely doing this duty when he asked you if you were aware of the rule of the road; and it was silly of you to retort: "I am Lady Susan Townley. I shall report you." Anyhow, you had the wisdom to plead guilty, with the result that you were fined £2. But it was very ungracious of you to ask whether you might make a complaint against the constable, and I trust you felt duly humbled when the Clerk of the Court replied: "No, he is a very good policeman." Let me remind you of the fine old maxim, *Noblesse oblige*. John Bull.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

Lloyd George at last with sorrow sees
That they, not he, have done the trick;
And, dropped, he sits with little ease
'Twixt wily Boche and Bolshevik.



Without the boomster sad indeed
A champion boxer's life would be;
In vain he'd punch and bruise and bleed,
For few would care to pay to see.

Will wireless make the home more sweet
(Who hasn't heard of "Home, Sweet Home"?)
Or will it its own aim defeat
And cause the kids abroad to roam?

The Gloomy Dean more gloomy grows,
And tries to make our flesh to creep;
But who the heart of England knows
Thinks his heroics rather cheap.

JOHN BULL goes one better—wait for the Big Surprise!

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN: GLEANINGS FROM TRACK, FIELD, ROAD AND RING.

By "The Wayfarer."

Our Selection Wins the "City."

We experienced some very tantalising luck with our selections at the Easter holiday meetings. For instance, Proconsul finished third in his race, and Virginie fourth in the Queen's Prize at 7 to 1; Happy Sally second at 6 to 1; and Woodrow (who ran at Newcastle and not at Birmingham) finished second at 10 to 1, which was good, however, for "each way" backers. Nevertheless, we saw the other side of the medal at Epsom, when Paragon, whom I coupled with Evander, won the City and Suburban at 5 to 1 and led all the way. Several of my "Fifteen-to-Follow" are engaged this week. Don't miss them; it may be their turn to win.

First "Classic" Race To-day.

The first spring meeting at Newmarket began yesterday (Tuesday), and the feature at Headquarters to-day is the race for the season's first classic, the Two Thousand Guineas. When Captain Cuttle won at the last Craven Meeting he gained many friends for to-day's big race and will probably start a good favourite. Pondoland recently could only finish third to Bumble Bee and Sicyon in a trial, and Mr. S. Joel's colt will have to improve on this if he is to repeat Pommern's triumph of 1915, as he will be up against some very smart horses to-day. There is no knowing how good South Crofty really is.

Buchan's Half-Brother.

The Manton "crack" Tamar, who, by the way, is a half-brother to that great horse Buchan, was backed like a certainty at Newmarket when he beat all except Collaborator; but Lord Astor's colt will be in better trim to-day, and I know that the Manton people have a very high opinion of the son of Tracery. Though expecting to see Captain Cuttle make a bold bid for victory, I think Tamar will prove too good for him.

The F.A. Cup Final.

The man who writes dogmatically in advance of the prospect of a club in the final tie of the F.A. Cup Competition is either a fool or partisan blind. You can argue the pros and cons until you are black in the face, and have every theory upset in actual practice. But that doesn't prevent each one of us holding his opinion. Mine is that Huddersfield Town will win the Cup this season, but whether it will be Stamford Bridge or some other place in the provinces which will see the discomfiture of Preston North End I should not like to say.

A Dip into History.

With the notable exception of Sheffield United's defeat of Chelsea in 1915 by 3-0, Cup finals in recent years have been very close-cut in the matter of scoring. To my mind the most extraordinary happening in the competition was nearly twenty years ago, when Bury slaughtered Derby County at the Palace by 6-0. Nothing like it has been seen since, but there is one game on the records—which is not within my personal recollection—in which Blackburn Rovers beat Sheffield Wednesday by 6-1. That was 32 years ago, and it happened at Kennington Oval. I wonder how many readers could give, off-hand, say half the members of the Bury team of 1902-3.

The Playthings of Fate.

Fate could not have been more unkind to two clubs struggling to avoid descent from the First Division of the League than that it should be pre-ordained they should be left to cut each other's throats, as it were. The Arsenal and Bradford City meet on the last two Saturdays of the season, and I do not envy the players on either side their feelings. It looks as if the last chance of either will not expire until somewhere about 4.55 p.m. on May 6th.

Chance for Public Opinion.

Occasionally the keepers of houses of ill-fame are dragged out into the light, and given a salutary lesson by our magistrates. But the punishment of public opinion in these matters is stronger, and more lasting in its effects, than any magisterial decision. Now that Dempsey is here, public opinion has an opportunity of letting it be known, fully and frankly, what it thinks of any attempt to stage another Dempsey-Carpentier fight. It would not be sport; it would be a commercial undertaking of a particularly low type. The morality of the promoters would be on a par with that of the men—and women—who traffic in human souls for their own sordid ends.

A New Fashion in Champions.

Jack Dempsey is not at all the typical world's heavyweight champion in manner. Actually he and Carpentier have set a new fashion; it is all to the good that the two best exponents of the art among the big men to-day should be men of brains and intelligence, who would not disgrace themselves at the table of a duke. Let it be said to his credit, too, that Dempsey would rather have a genuine holiday over here than take part in any contest where his opponent would have no more real chance than a fat rabbit in the cage of a wild cat.

A Gap We Must Fill.

In a week's time from now the 1922 county cricket season will have started. It is astonishing, when you think of it, how every year we approach the summer game full of hope—and with no more apparent reason than of twelve months earlier. Cricketers, like politicians, are essentially optimists—and just as short-sighted in their outlook. The policy of "muddle-through" is still writ largely over the M.C.C. headquarters. We shall, perhaps, one day have a settled policy which does not leave a gap between the year when a boy of cricket talent leaves his school and gets adequate opportunities with a club of standing. It is only the favoured few who can go from Public School to University.

The Luck of Tom Reece.

Here is a sample of Reece's bad luck in important billiard matches. He was caught and passed by Falkiner in mid-week, had a motor accident on Friday and was disqualified for being late. But his explanation sufficed to remove the ban, though it did not improve his chances.

The New Wimbledon.

It is certain now that the new All-England Club ground at Wimbledon Park will be ready for this year's lawn tennis championships, and booking for the 10,000 seats in the covered stands will open in a few days. I believe that Commander Hillyard is already having doubts whether ten thousand seats will be enough on some days. Even people with only a casual interest in the game will want to see the meeting between Mdlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Mallory—a meeting which is practically bound to happen some time during the championships.

Other Races of the Week.

As to the other events to-day, Isabel May C. may win the Barrow Stakes, and The Downs the Somersham Stakes. We must give By Mistake another chance in the Wilbraham Stakes (Div. I.); and The King's Pagoda, who was backed to beat Larkspur II c. at Newmarket, may win the second division of the Wilbraham Stakes. Southern has a chance in the Bretby Handicap, and Devizes should capture the Chippenham Plate. I like Indian Gauze for the Long Course Plate on Thursday, and Wood Harmony in the Littleport Stakes.

The Fillies "Guineas."

If Mr. Marshall Field starts Golden Corn in the One Thousand Guineas she should win. In her absence I would turn to Indulgence. Taylor may provide the winner of the Mildenhall Plate with Juniso, and The Owlet must be followed for the May Stakes. The Brinkley Welter presents a difficult problem, but I shall trust to Fornovo to solve it.

The Victoria Cup.

The race for the Victoria Cup will be the big attraction at Hurst Park on Saturday, and Monarch has a chance of atoning for seconds in the Lincolnshire and City and Suburban. The field will be a very good one indeed and Santaquest may win.

A Dip into History.

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All queries relating to sporting matters dealt with on this page should be addressed to the Editor of "Sporting Life," 27, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, in which paper answers will be given.

The SPORTING LIFE is England's Leading Sporting Daily.

THE DEVIL'S CAULDRON

How Genoa Can Save the World

by THE EDITOR

We are the trustees of posterity, and if we fail in our duty of trying to make the world safe for the peoples to live in, we shall deserve their contempt and reprobation.

A RECENT article in these columns, "The Woman Lloyd George Forgets," was the subject of widespread comment. It contained a strong protest against the policy which took Mr. Lloyd George to Genoa, and reminded the right honourable gentleman that "he who sups with the Devil needs a long spoon." What I meant was that, in respect of trickery and double-dealing, there was little to choose between the Russian Bolsheviks and their German friends, and that, in my judgment, it was in the last degree unlikely that at the mere bidding of the Welsh Wizard the Ethiopian would change his skin or the leopard his spots. In all modesty, I ask: Was I so very far wrong? What has happened? To put the matter gently, the Prime Minister of Great Britain has had the shock of his career. Strange to say, he appears to like it. So admirable is his pose before the world that one cannot even feel sorry for him. Such trifling episodes do not disturb the even current of his mind.

THE Premier is upheld, I gather, by the comforting belief that whatever has gone wrong it will "all come out in the wash"; or, to employ his own more lofty diction, parodied from the poet, that "God's in his Heaven and the Conference of Genoa still lives and is going strong." Never mind though German diplomacy and Russian intrigue have stolen a march on the rest of Europe. No matter if the Artful Dodgers at Moscow and Berlin have more tricks up their sleeves. It cannot be helped and there is still plenty left to talk about. So the Conference proceeds, and after a reproof, which has probably been about as painful to its victims as a pin-prick to a rhinoceros, the offending nations will no doubt be allowed to resume their share in its deliberations. For Mr. Lloyd George on occasion—often, I am afraid, the wrong occasion—can "roar as gently as any sucking dove." To the Russian and German delegates at Genoa he has been as polite as a dancing master. The mischief of it is that by international bargain-hunters such graces of deportment are apt to be misunderstood.

IF in truth Mr. Lloyd George has an earnest purpose at Genoa, it is high time it was made plain. If the Conference is really "going strong," we should like to know where it is going. Obviously, the Russo-German Treaty makes a vast and vital difference. Both parties to this amazing pact know what they are after and mean to get it—which, in a bargaining match, is no small advantage. If the Genoa Conference is not to end in confusion and disaster, the Entente Powers must have a policy no less clear and definite.

WHAT is it to be? After the events of last week there can surely be only one answer to this question. In place of these piecemeal agreements the Allied statesmen must produce a plan for the resettlement of Europe, not in patches, but as a whole. More easily said than done, of course, but almost everything that needs doing is less easily done than said. For Mr. Lloyd George this is, more than ever before, the hour of golden opportunity.

If successful, his title to fame and honour will be for ever beyond the reach of envious tongues. The difference between success and failure at Genoa may be the difference between War and Peace in Europe in less than ten years time. For see the grim possibilities of the situation. Recall the term "man-power" so familiar a few years ago, and apply it to the teeming millions of Russia. Admit, as you must, that there has been no visible change of heart in Germany, and reckon with her earnest determination to undermine and undo the Treaty of Versailles. Allow for these things, and consider the terrific possibilities of the understanding which has been reached between Germany and Russia. It is no use blinking the facts.

IF the situation gets out of hand, if the Allies lose their grip, it may be only a few short years before Europe is divided again into two armed and hostile camps. Nor need our survey be confined to Europe. There is Asia to be thought about. Think of India. Remember Japan.

At such a moment, it is vital for Great Britain to strengthen her friendships throughout the world. It will not do for Russia and Germany to be the only Powers in Europe which are on terms of cordial amity. That way lies the triumph of Prussianism—in spite of its apparent defeat in the war. We must strengthen our friendships. First and foremost, there must be a sincere attempt to rebuild the Entente Cordiale. Surely we can extend to the excesses of France a little of the spirit of forgiveness we have been so ready to bestow upon the race who murdered the flower of our manhood. At the same time, a determined effort must be made to bring about the pacification of Europe and the removal of those causes which, if left unchecked, may conspire to breed war. At the moment, the average European country is about as safe a place of residence as a powder magazine. Across the Channel, the very atmosphere is charged with the menace of a murderous relapse into the savageries of war. The whole Continent is a Devil's cauldron, in which all manner of mischief may be brewing. In God's name, let us use our common sense and find a way out.

I still think, as I said a week or two ago, that in a world with a more respectable moral tone than exists in Europe at the moment, the tyrant Government of Russia would have been "sent to Coventry" till it had mended its ways and expressed some contrition for the excesses of its blood-stained past. Perhaps I did not allow sufficiently for the natural affinity between the soul of Lenin and the unregenerate mind of Germany.

THERE is nothing for it now but to make the best of the situation and draw the sting of the Russo-German Treaty by means of an All-Europe pact. This, I take it, is the position at which Mr. Lloyd George has arrived, and it remains to be seen how far he will be successful in retrieving the situation. The effort will tax all his resources. If he misses the goal the failure will be tragic. If he succeeds, history will acclaim him as the greatest statesman of our time.

THE crux of the situation is disarmament. This was recognised at Washington, and apart from the scrapping of warships there could have been no hope of peace in the Pacific. For when nations are armed to the teeth there is always the danger that sooner or later "the guns will go off by themselves." If Russia and Germany are to be re-admitted to the comity of nations it must be on the iron understanding that, in association with their neighbours, they reduce their armaments on an agreed scale. Otherwise, not all the pacts in Christendom will keep the peace. Before the war, the word "disarmament" took on a rather unpleasant flavour from the fact that it was usually employed by weak-kneed pacifists who were prepared to throw away our own defences while other nations strutted in "shining armour" upon the European stage.

No such foolishness is contemplated in present-day proposals for the disarmament of Europe. But, rightly understood, disarmament is the key-word of the new chapter we are trying to write in the world's history. It should be blazoned across the agenda papers of the Genoa Conference. On this

Argument v. Armament

condition alone should Germany be permitted to escape the full rigours of the Versailles Treaty. If we are dealing with a disarmed antagonist we can afford, as part and parcel of a general policy for the resettlement of Europe, to waive some of our just claims. If Germany and Russia desire to convince the world, as apparently they do, that their new Treaty is a harmless instrument designed only in the interests of peace, they can easily do it. Let them honestly disarm, in company with the rest of Europe. Let us raise somewhere in the heart of the Continent, as the finest War Memorial that the wit of man can devise, a mammoth dump of war munitions for which nations, purged of their murderous follies, have no further use.

THE undying enmity between France and Germany which has its roots far back in the history of the two nations has added nothing to the light and laughter of the world. All through the chapter it has been grim, unrelieved tragedy. It has piled war upon war, sending men like sheep to the shambles in fierce gusts of alternating hate. First one side and then the other has obtained the ascendancy, only to be flung down from its pinnacle of fancied supremacy into an abyss of wretchedness and despair. There can be no peace in Europe while this devilish see-saw swings. But there is a way out. I cannot believe that the French nation would obstinately refuse to enter into a disarmament pact with the rest of Europe if, on sound terms, Germany and Russia were included in the scheme. To talk of the difficulties of such a project is merely to throw into relief the terrible alternative. We must use our wits to-day or our weapons to-morrow. Either we must climb the mountain or slip down into the abyss.

AT any rate, it is "up" to Mr. Lloyd George to make the attempt. It is the great chance to retrieve his reputation from the nasty shock of the Russo-German Treaty and to prove that the amateur in diplomacy need not be ashamed of his work. The world's supreme need is a sound insurance policy against war. If the beginnings of such a scheme are laid at Genoa, Mr. Lloyd George will have a complete answer to those who have pooh-poohed the whole business as a theatrical sham. If not, the critics will be justified, and we shall be tempted to believe that the Prime Minister has lost his inspiration or that his courage has deserted him. In that event, the greatest opportunity of his career will have been missed.

Very largely, the reason why the League of Nations has cut so poor a figure in the world is that the problem of armaments has never been grappled with. The big battalions have remained at the disposal of the Supreme Council—and that is why the Council has thundered while the League has whispered. If a sound understanding upon this question can be reached between the principal European nations and the Japanese Empire, whose position must not be overlooked, we may allow ourselves to hope something from the finest dream which statesmen ever attempted to translate into politics. Then, and not till then. The tragedy of the League of Nations has been that in an era of brute force it was of necessity still-born. In this way Genoa, if the deliberations of the Conference are rightly directed, may supply what was lacking at Versailles. We were too near the war then. The smoke of battle clouded our vision. Hearts were too sore for heads to be sane. It should be possible to go one better at Genoa. At any rate, Mr. Lloyd George must try.

IF the task of restoring the Concert of Europe is not attempted at Genoa or elsewhere in the near future, we had better make up our minds to the inevitable alternative. I will not paint the picture. No man or woman of this generation will ever need to read a description of the horrors of war. The bitter reality is etched into our memories—seared into our souls. But a new generation is arising which has never known the heartbreak and the agony of an armed struggle between nations. We are the trustees of posterity, and if we fail in our duty of trying to make the world safe for the peoples to live in, we shall deserve their contempt and reprobation. In ten years time it may be too late.

These little Jack Horners were sent to their corners
For eating the Treasury Pie;

But each said to his chum, "Never mind, we've had some,
And will finish the lot by and by!"

THE CRUELTY OF CHILDREN'S COURTS.

BENEFICENT INSTITUTIONS WHICH BUREAUCRACY HAS CONVERTED INTO ENGINES OF TERROR.

IT is sad to see the manner in which laws framed for the protection of the poor are turned into instruments for their oppression by harsh and unfeeling officials. Conceived in the most praiseworthy spirit by benevolent legislators, and publicly acclaimed as notable contributions to the improvement of our social system, they are not long placed on the Statute Book ere they are execrated by the very people they are intended to benefit, simply because their administration is left in the hands of a horde of parasites on the body economic whose only interest in life appears to be to draw fat salaries. Take the case of the Children Act—that benignly-inspired measure which only a few years ago was hailed as "The Children's Charter." There was no limit to the catalogue of benefits it was to confer upon child-life. Cruelty was to be ruthlessly crushed; sorrow and suffering and starvation were to be swept away; the darkness of ignorance was to be dispelled; and every babe born of woman into this world was to awaken in a perfect paradise of happiness. At least, that is what they told us. Yet what do we find? There is scarcely a law of the land that is more cursed by poor parents throughout the length and breadth of the country, and most of the children who come under its operations will have good reason when they grow up to pour upon it their maledictions. Its intentions were good enough, but it is administered in such a brutal and inhuman fashion that its much-belauded blessings have become a bane and a curse, and a perpetual nightmare in many a humble home.

Farce or Tragedy?

It is in the Juvenile Courts established under this Act that the barbarous fashion in which its provisions are prostituted is to be seen. The Act provides that persons under sixteen years of age must be tried before a Court of Summary Jurisdiction for criminal offences in a different building or room from that in which the ordinary sittings are held, or on different days or at different times. This is a very desirable and long-overdue provision against the contamination of children by association with hardened criminals in the sordid atmosphere of the Police Courts with which no one is likely to find fault. But from innumerable cases which have been brought before our notice of the procedure adopted and the nature of the criminal offences with which the little ones are there charged, one might be excused for imagining that the Children's Courts, as they have become popularly known, were devised for the extension of crime and the manufacture of little criminals. Mr. Francis, the Westminster Magistrate, recently declared that Children's Courts were a farce, and that he held them only because he was obliged by the law to do so. At about the same time, Mr. Cecil Leeson, the Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform, stated that several Children's Courts—especially Mr. Clarke Hall's, at Old Street—have all the work they are able to get through, notwithstanding the steady general decline in the number of juvenile offenders. Now, with all due deference to the Westminster Stipendiary, we incline to think that Children's Courts are not a farce, but a tragedy, and to illustrate the point we will take a case recently heard before Mr. Clarke Hall.

Kidnapped for the Court.

Residing in one of the poorest quarters of Stepney is a family named Benn. The circumstances surrounding the lives of this family—father, mother, and nine children—are sad in the extreme. They live in a tiny, tumble-down tenement in a narrow, squalid street. Their state is one of perpetual poverty, and they have all they can do to find food from day to day and hope for something better to-morrow. The father is a hard and honest worker, and so is the mother. Whenever he can find work to do he does it, and she does charing in the neighbourhood to increase their meagre subsistence. The children are poorly but sufficiently clad, and those of school age attend the local Council School. On a recent morning, the father, who had secured some work at Southend, was unable to leave any money at home for food, and the children had to go breakfastless. The mother would not let them go to school with empty stomachs, but hoped to borrow enough from a neighbour to provide them with a mid-day meal and send them in the afternoon. While her back was turned, however, Jessie, a little mite of six, went off to school on her own account, while Benjamin and Henry, twin brothers of ten, ran across the road to watch a funeral. While so engaged, they were pounced upon by the School Attendance Officer for the district, who after questioning them as to why they were not at school, carried them off to a home in South London. The mother was not even informed of this until later in the day, when she was told the children had been taken to an institution, the address of which was not given to her, and warned to appear a week later at the Children's Court to show why they should not be removed from her care. This was a fairly good morning's work for the most ardent kidnapper, but it did not satisfy this amazing official. The following day he seized Jessie and took her away as well! At the end of a week the three children were presented before the Magistrate on a charge of having been "found wandering." In the Court, the official thundered out his terrible indictment, and called upon the local Inspector of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children to support his evidence. Then an astonishing thing happened in this most extraordinary case. The latter official said he was unable to speak in support of the charge, as he considered the case was not one for prosecution, but for help. He was promptly told by the Magistrate that he should have taken action in the matter before, and the two little boys were ordered to be sent to an Industrial School in Sussex, to be detained there until they reach the age of sixteen. After a week's adjournment the same sentence of banishment from home was passed on the little girl.

Thirty Satisfactory Inspections!

We have been at considerable pains to investigate this case thoroughly and have found an astounding state of things. We are assured that the N.S.P.C.C. officer who declined to corroborate the Council kidnapper's views has made about thirty inspections of the family during the past two years, and has never found any occasion for prosecution. Yet, at the whim of a London County Council official, the children are torn from their parents' arms and sent miles away to an institution where they may be visited only on rare occasions for an hour or two. There are now four children from this family who have suffered the same fate, and we have reason to believe that similar action is contemplated with regard to two more. We can only say that we consider such prostitution of a humane enactment a scandal of the first magnitude. We have no desire to abolish the Children Act, but this disgraceful maladministration and misuse of its provisions must certainly cease.

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS.

PENALISED FOR IMPROVING ANOTHER'S PROPERTY

It is strange that a person should be penalised for doing something, at his own expense, to reduce the house shortage. Yet that is what might have occurred recently in the case of the leaseholder of a large house on Lord Harrington's London estate. Struck with the idea of converting the premises into two maisonettes, he applied to his Lordship's solicitors for permission to carry out the alterations. He was informed that leave would be granted on payment of a fee of thirty guineas. Having obtained an estimate for the work, amounting to £900, he submitted plans, and applied for the permit. The plans were approved, but the new agreement contained a clause giving the landlord the right to demand the restoration of the house to its present condition at any time without any reason being assigned! Needless to say, the leaseholder could not see the fairness of being asked to pay for the privilege of improving his Lordship's property at his own expense, and to run the risk of being called upon to restore it at equal cost. Poor leaseholders!

SLOW SILK-WORM.

HARE WITHOUT THE SPEED OF A TORTOISE.

For some time past an individual styling himself M. Hare, Silk Merchant, 34, Maiden Lane, Strand, London, W.C., has advertised for knitters, offering easy, profitable home-work for ladies. Applicants are invited to engage in the knitting or crochetting of jumpers, sports coats, and children's frocks in art silk, which Hare undertakes to purchase—his only stipulation being that the garments should be made of material bought from him. A young invalid girl who thought she saw in his proposal an opportunity of earning a little money to help to pay her parents for her keep, sent him 13s. 6d. for some silk on March 28th. The remittance was acknowledged two days later, with an intimation that the silk would be sent as soon as possible, as it was out of stock at the moment. On the advice of her father, the girl at once replied asking that silk of any other colour should be sent or the money returned. No answer was vouchsafed, and she has up till now been unable to obtain either the material or the return of her money. Hare, by the way, is still advertising.

WHEN JUSTICE NODS.

WHERE THE PLEA OF COERCION SHOULD APPLY.

The legal doctrine that a wife committing an offence in the presence of her husband may be deemed to have acted under coercion, and is in consequence entitled to acquittal, has excited a great deal of controversy of late. But it is not only the married woman who, in certain circumstances, is morally entitled to the consideration implied. Only last week the unwedded parents of a four-months-old baby were both sentenced to 14 days in the second division for abandoning their child in a railway carriage. The infant was well clothed, and provided with a feeding-bottle of warm milk. The couple had been living together for three years. When arrested, the man stated that he had been out of work for five months. We would not for one moment minimise the crime. But we maintain that here was a clear case to which the doctrine of coercion should have been applied. Frequently such unions as this are maintained only by duress on the part of the man. In this instance he was nine years older than his companion—a mere girl of 21.

There's a big noise in the journalistic world—listen for it in JOHN BULL!

WHAT NOSEY PARKER COSTS US.

MAMMOTH EXPENDITURE UPON FUSSY AND IMPERTINENT PRYING INTO THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

WITHIN a few days Sir Robert Horne will introduce the most momentous and important Budget of modern times. Admittedly his task will be difficult, almost impossible. On the one hand, taxation must be reduced—for it has reached the point when it is ceasing to yield revenue. On the other, the Government have put the Geddes Axe into the lumber cupboard. Neither with the Navy, the Army, or Education—three huge items—are further economies to be permitted Yet without a substantial reduction financial disaster is certain. What, then, is the Chancellor to do? Fortunately there is a remedy. As most of us know to our cost, there has grown up in England since the war a new army of officials—well-paid men and women, with costly staffs, and "cushy jobs"—whose function is to harass and worry their less fortunate fellows. Many of the restrictions that these Nosey Parkers enforce were necessary during war-time, but they are long out of date and the House of Commons and the public ought to insist on their abolition. Inconvenient they have always been; they are now ruinously expensive, and should no longer be tolerated. In two ways these Nosey Parkers are costing us dearly. First of all, they are throttling trade. Recently one of the papers printed this illuminating paragraph.

Cheap Food Chance Lost.

> Many traders in Bradford markets have been fined under the Shop Hours Act. The poorer classes crowd the market at the last moment in the hope of securing cheap food, and the traders, rather than allow perishable goods to be wasted, have been "cutting their losses" and selling after hours.

Now what does this mean? Merely this, that the poor are being robbed of their right to buy cheaply. Food is perishable. A shopkeeper, not knowing exactly how much he is going to sell, allows a margin. He can afford—because he must—to sell the surplus very cheaply when the ordinary business of the day is over. But, as we have seen, Nosey Parker intervenes, and the food that the poor want to buy and that the shopkeeper or coster wants to sell them has to be destroyed! If this case stood alone, it would not greatly matter. But ludicrous and insane restrictions like these are being enforced all over the country. Thousands of shopkeepers have been fined for selling tea, oil, matches, tobacco—soap even—after eight o'clock in the evening. Some, working on a small margin of profit, have been driven into bankruptcy, because they are compelled to put up their shutters at the very hours, the only hours, when their poorer customers can buy in comfort and with leisure.

Plague of Inspectors.

These convictions are obtained only by keeping hundreds of salaried inspectors to prowl round poor neighbourhoods of an evening; they enter shops at the last moment, begging to be served "as a favour" and then, if the purchase is effected a minute past the hour, they serve the shopkeeper with a summons. It is an odious business! This is only one of the burdens that Nosey Parker has inflicted on us. One well-known West End firm has as many as twelve different Trade Boards regulating the hours and wages of their employees, and they have to keep a special staff of clerks to codify and carry out the different regulations and decisions, which are for ever changing. At a time when unemployment is rife and many businesses are at a standstill, such restraints on trade are criminal. And the irony of it is that the poor tax-payer, who is crippled by these restrictions, has to pay the salaries of the useless officials; officials who are helping to ruin him! No wonder that while small tradesmen are going bankrupt, big West End stores are "passing" their usual dividend. Nosey Parker is not content with impeding trade. He has got his foot into the home, too. To-day there are thousands of well-paid "Welfare" workers, who draw fat salaries for worrying poor mothers. One woman received as many as sixteen visits from these ubiquitous pests during the course of a single morning—nearly all of whom came armed with a long list of questions set out on elaborate forms. Many of these "Health" and "Welfare" workers are inexperienced girls, with no practical training or real experience of family life. But they fill up the forms regularly and see that they are duly pigeon-holed. The cost of stationery and printing alone to the country is considerable—and the money might as well be put down the drain.

Waste Paper.

Before us as we write, for instance, is a bulky volume of 157 pages closely printed, issued by the "Board of Control"—chock full of utterly useless information, much of which covers the alleged "defectives" (in reality backward boys and girls) whom Nosey Parker has got imprisoned for life under the wicked and puerile Mental Deficiency Act. Page after page is given over to unintelligible, valueless statistics and wearisome dissertations by the officials, who run this particular stunt at the public expense. The printing and compilation must have cost thousands of pounds—to be read only by the officials and their friends. But one fact the report *does* make clear—that some of these alleged deficients (who, remember, are confined for life) "are intellectually of a higher grade" and ought not to be there at all.

MAKING BAD WORSE.

A MOTHER'S SORROW AND HER CHILD'S ORDEAL.

The small son of a Fulham mother in poor circumstances, having contracted pneumonia following influenza, was, on the doctor's advice, removed to Fulham Infirmary. He was admitted early in February, and for nearly three weeks all appears to have gone well with him. On the 20th, however, his mother was officially informed that he was seriously ill; and found that, on the top of pneumonia, he had contracted measles. Thereupon, despite his weakness, he was not isolated in the Infirmary, but transferred to the North-Eastern Fever Hospital at South Tottenham, where, as might have been expected, the pneumonia almost immediately recurred. However, he rallied, and on 6th March was reported to be "progressing fairly well." On the 14th he was "progressing very satisfactorily"; but on the day following his mother was informed that her boy had contracted scarlet fever and had been removed to another ward. On the 16th the distracted woman found the child in an insensible condition, in which state he continued to the day of his death, on the 29th March—dying without the comforting knowledge that his mother had visited him day by day. We cannot but think that it was at least an error of judgment on the part of the Infirmary doctor to send the child, already weakened by influenza and pneumonia, to the fever hospital on account of his attack of measles. Surely it was possible to isolate him at the Infirmary and not expose him to the risks of worse infection. We are of the opinion that this is a matter for serious inquiry.

A FALSE CERTIFICATE.

LYING STATEMENTS AND A QUICK FUNERAL.

Joseph Warburton, a farmer of Lowton, was taken ill in an omnibus, and died before he could be removed from the vehicle. But the law quite rightly demands in the public interest, that such deaths should at least be formally investigated. In this case, however, Thomas Warburton, a son of the deceased, handed in a certificate that the death occurred at the farm, where deceased had been previously attended by the doctor who certified the death. The Registrar thereupon issued a Burial Order. A casual mention of the actual facts by a caller was the first intimation that the official received showing the certificate was false. He at once forbade the funeral and demanded the return of the Burial Order, which was at last handed back by the Rector on the threat of official action. Then it transpired that the medical man, Dr. Thomas Kelly, had never seen the deceased farmer before the death, but had calmly signed the certificate on the strength of which the Burial Order was issued. Here is a case then where, for all the son or the doctor or the Rector knew, the dead man might have met his end as the result of violence. And the truth would never have been known, had it been so, because the son and the doctor concealed the salient details by false statements and the Rector appeared none too willing to assist the officials in their duty—indeed, though warned, he was prevented only by threats from carrying on with the funeral. In the public interest, the Coroner's suggestion that the Registrar-General should take action is highly commendable.

OUR ADVERTISEMENT COLUMNS.

SOME VARIED AND INTERESTING ANNOUNCEMENTS

Very few people know how great is the volume of business transacted by post. It is possible to buy almost any article in this way without the slightest risk, and in the case of John Bull with probably less difficulty than from the average shop. We undertake to refund the whole of the purchase-money to any reader reasonably dissatisfied who complies with the simple terms of our guarantee. It is obvious that only those firms which are offering real bargains will agree to be bound by such a guarantee.

We frequently receive letters expressing gratification both at our policy and the service given by advertisers. For instance, a Milford Haven reader, whilst expressing pleasure at a suit from S. A. Barry & Co., says that he does not understand how they can fit him so well from the measurement forms, and adds that a local tailor failed to satisfy him although charging double the prices quoted by our advertiser.

It is the volume of business done through advertising which enables firms to sell more cheaply and give a better service.

There are several interesting announcements in this number.

Our Guarantee extends not only to the large advertisements of articles by post, but to branded goods, such as Nestlé's Milk, Sharp's Toffee, etc., and to educational advertisements such as those of the Waverley Book Co., Thelwall Music Course, the London School of Cartooning, Funk & Wagnall, and also the "Small Ads. Worth Watching" on page 15.

Stop! Look and listen for JOHN BULL'S Big Surprise!

"THANK YOU, MR. ATKINS"—AND YOU, JACK, TOO!

OUR PLEDGE.—"No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged or unremedied."—
JOHN BULL, *19th August*, 1916.

A Chance for Serving and Ex-Service Men:—The late Captain Bertrand Stewart's patriotism and his affection for the Army are shown in his will, by which provision is made for £100 per annum to be devoted as a prize for the best essay on some military subject, the study or discussion of which would tend to increase the efficiency of His Majesty's service. A subject will be selected annually by the Army Council, and the winning essay will be published in the *Army Quarterly*.

The Lady Secretary:—What are we to think of the Royal Bucks Hospital—which, ignoring the claims of close on 300 male applicants, selected a lady for the post of Secretary at a salary of £300 a year? Her capabilities are not in question, but surely among that number of candidates a capable man—and an ex-Service man at that—could have been found. And this happens at a time when piteous appeals are appearing daily in the Press from ex-officers for any kind of work to keep starvation at bay!

Shepherd's Bush Hospital:—Most efficacious has been our protest against the proposal to remove the Orthopædic Hospital from Shepherd's Bush to Richmond Park—which would have entailed so much extra hardship for the maimed and disabled warriors who are out-patients. An arrangement has now been entered into between the Ministry of Pensions and the Hammersmith Board of Guardians whereby the hospital will continue to be in the present fine and eminently suitable and accessible building. Congratulations to all concerned.

Misplaced Economy:—Much righteous and widespread indignation has been aroused by the scandalous action of the Pensions Appeal Board in turning down many dreadful cases of men permanently disabled through their war service. If the injustices be not speedily rectified, the Pensions authorities and their masters, the Government, will learn to rue the day when they started "saving" at the expense of the poorest of the heroes who fought and were broken in the war. The way to economise is to cut down big salaries paid to men who "stayed at home"—but, so far, very little seems doing in that direction!

How Many Conchies?:—Presumably at West Houghton there are a good many "Conchies" and others who managed to keep safely away from the fighting forces during the black years. The District Council have been making representations to the Unemployment Grants Committee with the view of reducing the percentage of ex-Service men employed on relief work; while they are also said to be making things pretty hard for those who are employed under their control. Are the boys going to lie down under this sort of treatment?

Jack's Money:—Prize Bounty granted in respect of the undermentioned service is now ready for distribution in the Department of the Accountant-General:—Capture of Turkish armed vessels *Sulman Pak*, *Sumana*, *Pioneer* and *Basrah* by H.M. Ships *Tarantula*, *Mantis* and *Moth* in the River Tigris on 26th February, 1917. Several thousands of pounds are thus to be distributed among about 50 demobilised sailors, who would know nothing about it if JOHN BULL did not publish this notification.

Then and Now:—The splendid old pre-war army was wiped out during that horrible time when we fought from Mons to the Marne. It was a terrible disaster, but it formed the most glorious page in our military history. That story, not published owing to "Dora," of the Life Guards who formed a ring against terribly overpowering odds, shouted "No surrender!" and fell to the last man, would knock the Charge of the Light Brigade into a cocked hat.

As They Are:—When the page of Mons was written men wagged their heads and said, "such an army as ours will never be seen again." But now—lo and behold—we have back an army of the stuff that made "the men who fought at Minden," the spawn of those who struggled with Marlboro', who tussled with the Indian Mutineers, fought and froze in the Crimea, did things in the Boer War, and performed many jobs in between. We have our own whelps and cubs of the old stock. We have seen them. Our army, judged by the proportion of men at Aldershot, is splendid.

"Conchies" Preferred:—In the main office, Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, two non-Service, post-war entrants are still retained to the prejudice of ex-soldiers, who not only served in the Great War, but in the South African War as well. If it is contended that these limpet war shirkers are not retained in their jobs for their own sakes in the Army Ordnance Department, but because there are no permanent writers or ex-Service temporary writers to do their work, then the authorities should be thoroughly ashamed of themselves, for such a defence is a damning indictment of the whole Arsenal system.

Woolwich Worries—Officials in responsible executive positions at Woolwich have from time to time promised that in case of cuts ex-soldiers—especially those more or less disabled by war service—should have preference for retention of employment in the Royal Arsenal and Dockyard. In many instances these promises are being falsified, and in consequence there is much hardship. Numbers of ex-Service men have been discharged; many who did not serve in the war are being retained. A great deal of distress exists in Woolwich owing to the cuts so rigorously, but often so unfairly, made.

Street Traders:—We cordially agree with the recommendations contained in the Report of the Home Office Committee on Street Trading and Coffee Stalls, that special consideration should be given to the claims of ex-Service men who are earning, or seeking to earn, a livelihood by such trading; and that to this end a proper system of registration be instituted. That would give "the boys" just the protection they need against the competition and exploitation of the comparatively opulent and usually non-Service individuals who at present run so many street stalls on the "multiple-shop" plan, doing none of the work but grabbing most of the profits.

For the "Shot" Redcaps:—You lie about the railway station and patrol the streets of Aldershot in the hope of scooping up some poor Tommies on very minor charges. What about keeping an eye on Middle Hill and Gun Hill after dusk? The complaints we receive come not from Tommies, but from their clean-living wives, who are constantly molested. Will the Provost-Marshal waken up to this fact?

The Helping Hand:—If other regiments would follow the fine example of the Durham Light Infantry the present distressing unemployment amongst ex-Service men might be materially reduced. At Newcastle, Barnard Castle and Catterick Barracks, able-bodied ex-D.I.L.s applying for assistance have been given work at the rate of 1s. an hour and a free meal. The officers who devised such a scheme to save men who formerly served under them from the humiliation of "the dole" are indeed worthy to lead.

A Call to the R.I.C.:—In case the official notice has escaped the attention of some of our R.I.C. readers, they will be interested to know that disbanded men of the Royal Irish Constabulary are requested to send their names and addresses to the R.I.C. Help Committee, 25, Victoria Street, Westminster.

Plundering the Pensioners:—Mr. Charles White, M.P. for Derbyshire West, did not overstate his case when he said that all over the country the pensions of ex-soldiers are being reduced "after the most casual and cursory examination by Medical Boards and depots," and that "allowances are being reduced or ended altogether without adequate inquiry." The Minister of Pensions had promised that when pensions come up for review next year under the Royal Warrant it will be "done with sympathy and fairness." We look to him.

Our Daily "Thank You":—From A. F. B., Brighton:—"I have to thank you for the dynamite you put into the Ministry. I have received arrears of training bonus, owing to your splendid efforts on my behalf. Will send something to your Fund later on."

The "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen *has a "MIDGET" Sweetheart!*

For GRAND COMBINATION OFFER,
turn to page iv. of Cover.

"JOHN BULL" Pen Coupon, Value 2d.

By sending this Coupon, with P.O. for 3/- and 2d. stamps for postage the holder is entitled to receive a JOHN BULL Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen, STANDARD MODEL. Additional Coupons up to six from JOHN BULL, any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. Thus you may send seven Coupons and P.O. for 2/- only and 2d. stamps for postage.

For Special Combination Offer of Self-Filling and "Midget" Models, see page iv. of cover.

ADDRESS: Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2

P.O.s should be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & CO.

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

J.B.29.4.22

Staggering—Stupendous—Marvellous—JOHN BULL'S Big Surprise!

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

3/- per line. Minimum 3 lines.

MOTORISTS interested in UNPUNCTURABLE Tyres should send for details at once.—Capt. Chilman, 50, Daisybank Road, S. Manchester.

LEARN Dutton's 24-hour Shorthand. Secure speed of 150 words per minute. First lesson free.—Dutton's College, Desk J., 92-3, Great Russell Street, London, W.C.1.

PRINTING.—1,000 Handbills at 3/6 1,000: Memos, Billheads, Postcards, Duplicate Books, etc. Big range of samples (not a small packet of rubbish) and 700 prices, 3d.—Meads, Room 60), Sandy, Beds.

BEST and Cheapest Wholesale Stores for Shopkeepers and beginners. Remnants, Drapery, Readymades, Travellers' Samples. Catalogue and Guide free.—Cochran's Warehouse, 2, Victoria Bridge, Manchester. Write to-day.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 56 provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and suburban series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press Series (Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

TOOLS! at genuine Bargain Prices. Send to-day for list No. 22/2, post free.—George Adams, 255/6, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

A GOOD SPARE-TIME AGENCY.—Applications invited from respectable working men in regular employment to supply Boots, Clothing, Drapery, Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, Gramophones, cash or credit. No outlay. Liberal supply of samples. Highest commission.—Freemans, Govt. Contractors, Lavender Hill, London.

£5 to £10 weekly can easily be earned for a small outlay of 50/-; no previous experience necessary.—Write for particulars to H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

GLOVE LEATHER.—Sale price, 2/9 skin. Suede Leather, 11d. ft. Send 2d. stamp for full set of patts.—Catt, Northampton.

REAL Harris and Lewis Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free.—Harris Tweed Depot, James Street, Stornoway.

"CATALOGUE, PLEASE."—This short message will secure for you a book that is a veritable Cycle Emporium—as interesting as your favourite book. "Captain" Cycles at staggering prices. Tyres! the value of which has "winded" many a firm. Brimful of bargains. Thousands of Cycle Accessories. Nothing overlooked to cut down unreasonable cycling expenses. Fitzpatrick Catalogue—a mighty fine production.—Just address, H. Fitzpatrick, Dept. 52, Burnley.

CHEAP PRINTING.—Billheads from 6/6; 1,000 Memos, 10/-; Handbills, 11/-; Samples free.—Winskill, Printer, Buxted, Sussex.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful; No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free. — BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., Ltd. (1763D), 80, Chancery La., London, W.C.2.

ABANDON UNEMPLOYMENT, become a qualified Motor Driver. Official Certificate for 3 guineas. Pupils introduced to positions free.—Write or call, Secretary, British School of Motoring, Ltd., 5, Coventry Street, Piccadilly, W.1.

SPENCER ACTIVITIES.—Waterproof Sheeting, 2/6 per yard, 42 in. wide. For any purpose where an absolutely water or gas-proof material is required. Toy Balloons: The best advertising medium. The buyer advertises your goods; pre-war price, from 12/- gross. Rick Covers, Motor Sheets, absolutely watertight, 20 ft. by 20 ft., £4 10s. each; 15 ft. by 15 ft. £3 each, cash.—C. G. Spencer and Sons, Ltd., 56a, Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

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YOUR Living Guaranteed. Write for free Catalogue and Guide, How to commence in business with £2.—H. Marks (Dept. 9), 51-52, Houndsditch, London, E.1. Cheapest Wholesale Warehouse for all kinds of Drapery and Hosiery and Best House for Beginners.

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The Complete Service delivered to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Service comprises:—6 Table Knives 6 Dessert Knives. 6 Table Frks. 6 Dessert. Frks. 6 Dessert Spns. 6 Tea Spns. 6 Egg Spns. 2 Table Spns. 1 Salt Spn. 1 Sugar Spn. 1pr Sugar Tngs. 1 Jam Spn. Blades of finest Sheffield Steel, ivory grained Ivorette handles. Spoons and Forks of Colombian Silver which wears white all through. Write for Illustrated Catalogue to the Manufacturers—J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Photo by Personality Photo Press.
CARPENTIER in his BARRY SINGLE-BREASTED BLUE SERGE SUIT.

MORE POINTERS ON THE

BARRY SERVICE

If the Barry Service were an ordinary Tailoring Service it would need to employ no fewer than

150 SALESMEN

to attend to its customers each week. Think what the salaries of this huge army would represent in the aggregate. Add this sum to the saving effected by our making our huge purchases of all raw materials direct from the mills, and one of the secrets of the Barry Service is at once manifest.

THE SILENT TAILOR.

NEXT, THE BARRY SERVICE teaches each customer how to be his own salesmann. He is allowed to choose his own cloth in the privacy of his home. He is not coaxed to spend more than he intended. He is instructed how to take his own measurements with the precision of a highly-qualified tailor—and the Barry Service indemnifies him fully should the result not meet with his complete satisfaction.

A PERSONAL SUPERVISION.

All the order-forms as they are received are scrutinised carefully by one principal alone, who, at his desk, is able to attend to all those orders which in the ordinary tailoring course would involve the attention of 150 qualified people. This principal is a practical cutter and tailor with a life-time experience at his command. Added to this, there is, of course, the advantage of our "Copy Garment" Department where any client's favourite suit or overcoat may be reproduced exactly or modified at his discretion.

THESE ARE SOME OF THE REASONS WHY THE BARRY SERVICE OFFERS YOU

DOUBLE TAILORING VALUE.

The only big firm of mail-order tailors doing positively no ready-made suit or overcoat trade.

£10 : 10 : 0
PURE WOOLLEN WORSTED SUITINGS
The choicest products of our very best English Mills
£5 : 5 : 0
To measure
Our Top Quality. Nothing finer than this suit could be wished.

£6 : 6 : 0
PURE SCOTTISH WOOL SUIT
SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
The sure guarantee.
To measure
£3 : 10 : 0
The finest value ever offered in Tailoring History.

£4 : 4 : 0
PURE NEW WOOL SUIT
To measure for
£2 : 10 : 0
Valued as worth double by many of our Clients.

FREE SEND FOR FREE PATTERNS OF THESE WONDERFUL VALUES

With our patterns we send you the BARRY SELF-MEASUREMENT FORM (The Silent Tailor), when from your own measures we guarantee your completest satisfaction, or undertake to refund not only the amount you have paid us, but 2/6 more than has been paid. Could we make such an offer, we ask, were our performance one little whit behind our promise? Obviously not.
YOU HAVE THEREFORE NOTHING TO LOSE BY SEEKING OUR PATTERNS—and we shall feel privileged if you will send for these. We shall not approach you by follow-up letters after we have once sent our patterns. We never bother our clients with circulars either about special offers or anything else. WE KNOW OUR PATTERNS WILL MAKE EFFECTIVE APPEAL.

THE BARRY SERVICE IS UNIQUE IN TAILORING.

CALL OR WRITE

S. A. BARRY & CO., Exclusive Measure Tailors

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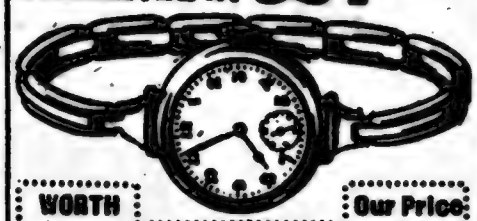

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£3 3 0	Gent's Size same Price	£1

Originally made for an order from Paris, no expense was spared to produce a watch which would sell readily at £3 3 0. We consider that we have been very fortunate to secure these superb watches on such terms that we can now offer them to "John Bull" readers at a pound sterling.

Read the Description of these Splendid Watches.

Ladies' Solid Silver Hall-marked Wristlet Watch, complete with Expanding Bracelet. They are small and very Dainty. Neat dial and figures, fitted with the highest grade jewelled bar movement, perfectly accurate timekeepers and fully warranted for 5 years.

SPECIAL OFFER.
As this stock is strictly limited, those who do not wish to pay in full at once may have one reserved on receipt of 2/6 only. The balance may then be paid as desired.

Send NOW. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

Read our brief description and please note that if upon examination you are not satisfied, and return the watch within 7 days, we refund you the full amount paid, together with 1/- to cover your expenses. Send Treasury Note, Postal Order or Cheque to-day.

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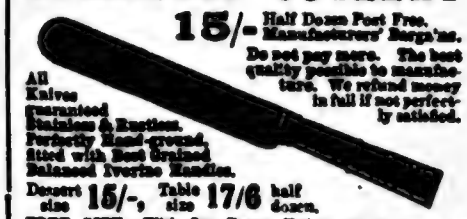

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Do not pay more. The best quality possible to manufacture. We refund money in full if not perfectly satisfied.

Dessert size **15/-**, Table size **17/6** half dozen.

FREE GIFT.—With One Dozen Knives we present our PAT. No. 188,914 KNIFE-SHARPENER.

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THIS £3 : 3 : 0 SOLID SILVER LEVER WATCH.

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WE send this splendid English Hall-Marked Solid Silver Fully-Jewelled Lever Watch on receipt of 2/6 deposit; upon receipt, you pay a further 2/6, and 1/- per week or 4/- per month, until only £3 3s. is paid, or Cash with Order only 37/6. Every Watch guaranteed for 10 years, and sent on seven days' approval, full amount paid refunded if for any reason we cannot satisfy you. We have only a limited stock of these splendid Watches at this reduced price. Send 2/6 to-day.—

The WOBURN WATCH Co.
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IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

JACK DEMPSEY.

(Our tame barber risks a chat with the World's Heavyweight Boxing Champion.)

'OO' mornin', sir. Wot kin I 'ave the pleasure? . . . Eh? *Cut all that out?* I—I don't quite unnerstand you, sir. I don't cut things *out*, I cut 'em *orf*. . . . Eh? *Cut out the soft gush about 'avin' the pleasure?* Cert'n'y; if you wish it. It's on'y a profeshional expression arfter all—*you* know; nothink in it, like the tale of the ole iron pot. I need 'ardly ask if you want shavin'. It's h'obvious to the naked h'eye. Take this chair, please. . . . No, not that one! This is the stongest. It's stood many a 'eavyweight, and you're the world's champion, if I ain't mistaken. . . .

* * *

Wot, you *'ave to shave twice a day to keep lookin' decent?* Well, we all 'as our sorrows. But I think you'll last till to-night w'en I've gone over you, Mister Demp-sey. . . . *Do I know you?* 'Course I knows you! 'Oo doesn't? An' wot's more, ev'rybody seems to like you, from wot I kin 'ear. In fac', you look like puttin' Carpenteer's nose out of joint, and ex-Bombardier Wells's, too, for that matter. I won't say nothink about poor ole Joe Beckett. No, I won't say nothink about *'im*, pore chap. . . . Oh, yes, 'e won 'is larst fight right enough. Leastways, the other chap lorst it. So I won't say nothink about Beckett. I 'ope you're goin' to give us English sportsmen a charnce to see you fight. I unnerstand you're willin' if there's sufficient inducement, by w'ich you mean dough, I take it. But if you should meet Carpenteer, don't 'it 'im too 'ard, if you don't mind. 'E's too good-lookin' to 'ave 'is face spoilt. And I might say the same about Billy Wells, if you should 'appen to 'ave a match with 'im. As regards Joe Beckett, if you should 'appen to "ave a round with 'im, I wouldn't 'it *'im* too 'ard, neether, if I was you. 'E carn't afford to lose wot beauty 'e's got, an' 'e's quite a nice sort w'en you know 'im, I'm told. . . . No; pore ole Joe Beckett ain't over popular, I'm sorry to say. It's a pity. 'E's English, an' 'e's a fighter; but some'ow 'e doesn't git across to the audience, as they ses on the stage. It ain't 'is fault so much as Billy Wells's an' Carpenteer's. They're both too good lookin', w'ich 'as spoilt the public. You see, so many wimmin attend boxin' contests nowadays, an' they likes the 'ansome 'ero sorter fighter. They look prettier in the ring. Now, Beckett—but I won't say nothink about pore ole Joe. . . . *Wot about you?* Well, I should say you're jest about right for a boxin' champion—you ain't good lookin' enough to send the girls dotty, and you ain't ugly enough to scare the kids. The 'appy medium, I calls you. . . .

* * *

I 'ope you're enjoyin' your stay in England. You're the sort wot appeals to us nation of sportsmen, becos we feel sure you're a w'ite man. You've got a nice modest way with you, too, wot's very takin'. You strikes us as bein' a great, big sorter mother's boy, if you unnerstand me. I'm pleased to 'ave met you, and I 'ope to see you fight. . . Well, goo' day, Jack, me boy; an' more power to your elbow. . . Wot? *'Ow much?* Nonsense! 'Ave that with me. . . .

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"DEAN FOREST MERCURY":—"Defendant DID NOT APPEAR. This was his FIRST APPEARANCE."

"GIRL'S CINEMA":—"I gingerly patted her shoulder and proceeded to wipe away her TEARS."

"RED LETTER":—"A DOZEN PAIRS OF HEADS went up, and A DOZEN PAIRS OF EYES widened."

"NORTH-EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE":—"Councillor Reavley said they were in the unfortunate position of being 'HALF in Spennymoor, HALF in Durham, and HALF in Bishop Auckland.'"

"CHRISTIAN HERALD":—"She is perhaps the YOUNGEST as well as the ONLY woman Mayoress in the United States."

"CHATHAM STANDARD" (advertisement):—"SUFFERERS FROM Nervous Weakness, Worry and LEGHORN PULLETS, in full lay."

"GRAVESEND REPORTER" (advertisement):—"A Young Married Woman wishes to meet Widower OR BACHELOR, WITH OR WITHOUT CHILDREN."

INLAND REVENUE INSPIRATION.

ON A GOOD THING THAT DID COME OFF.

There is at least one bright and brainy person on the staff of the Inland Revenue, in Miss A. McCrone, of 24, Acton Street, Middlesbrough. She conceived the happy notion of writing "Bullets" for amusement in her spare time—evolving the sparkling line "Good Thing If—That Shilling 'Comes Off'"—winning the First Prize of £250 in Competition No. 443. This is an interesting instance of the manner in which business experience may be turned to good account in this pleasant and profitable pastime. We congratulate the lady—whom we at first mistook for a mere male—on her success.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.)

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

Widowed and in Want:—Left a widow with seven young children—three of them now ill—a poor woman has to toil along on a weekly income of 16s. The condition of the "home" when we visited it may be imagined.

A Bleak Home-coming:—Discharged from hospital and penniless, a man who served overseas found his wife to be on the eve of her confinement. There was no nourishment in the house, and no arrangements for the new arrival were possible until we acted.

Down and Out:—Workless for many months, an ex-Tommy has a wife and three hungry children, one of whom is dying with fever. The home had been practically cleared out to provide food and rent, and the landlord would have had little trouble in removing the remainder—which, however, we saved.

Land Fit for Heroes:—An ex-Tommy went through the whole ruck of it when the guns thundered, and host met host with bullet and bayonet. Now he is workless. Of his three children, two are ill, and all are in rags. Crowning disaster, the "home" was about to be thrown into the street owing to back rent. We saved the situation.

LIFE AND DEATH.

We encounter some strange contrasts in our investigation of the many pathetic cases of poverty and suffering which are submitted week by week for our consideration. In the lives of the poor, joy and sorrow walk hand in hand from the cradle to the grave, and there are few pleasures that are not tinged with pain. Nought can equal the pride and pleasure of young parents in their first-born, yet all too often unemployment and distress intervene and load them with care and concern in the rearing of their offspring. The mother-love of a poor woman is of the same noble quality as that of the highest in the land, but her burden of anxiety is immeasurably greater. Sometimes stark tragedy encompasses her child-bed, and instead of passing from her transient travail to the joy of motherhood, she awakens to find herself on a rack of torture.

THE DARK ANGEL.

A year and nine months ago the young wife of a discharged Royal Marine first realised a mother's happiness and pride, but the child had scarcely learned to toddle when the anxiety of which we have spoken assailed her. It was the more poignant because she knew another little life was within her when the dread spectre of unemployment stretched its gaunt arm over the humble household, and she was recently brought to bed in the greatest poverty. And as the little one was born, Death with black wings hovered by and took away her first-born. The case was one for help apart from this tragedy, and we gave assistance which was sorely needed.

MORE CASES HELPED.

Buried the Dead:—During the week we gave financial assistance for the burial of the dead in ten cases. They were all children or other relatives of ex-Service men.

A Sample of Many:—A child lying dead in a poor home, its two sisters very ill in bed: no money in the house, and little food. Think it over!

Our Standing Appeal:—We regret to note the large number of applications for clothing entered on our waiting list. Now that better weather has arrived and many thousands of wardrobes have been restocked, there must be much cast-off clothing available, and we feel sure that only absent-mindedness prevents our readers from helping us to bring happiness to the hearts of our applicants.

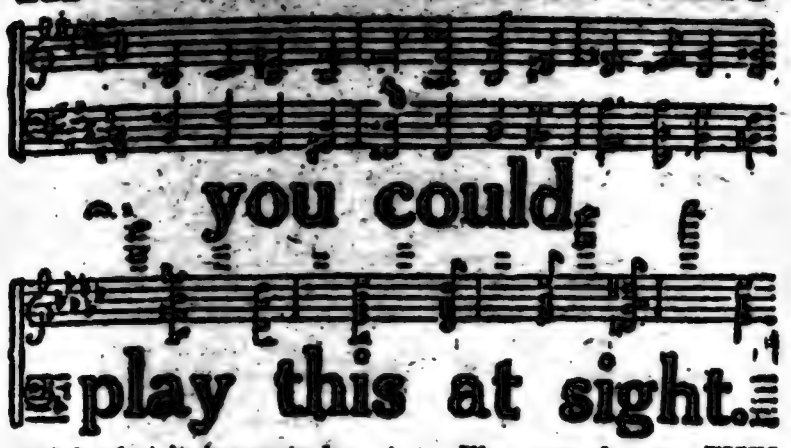
WITH MANY THANKS.

F. C. L. (Belvedere), £1; A. M. M. (S. Pasadena), 15s. 6d.; F. T. (Harrogate), 10s.; L. C. McS. (London, S.W.), 10s.; "Emily" (Finsbury Park), 10s.; W. J. W. (Stockbridge), 6s.; A. W. Le P. (Guernsey), 5s.; R. W. Y. (Southampton), 5s.; "Coon" 2s. 6d.; "Guildford," 2s. 6d.; A. T. (Merton), 2s. 6d.; W. M. (Hammersmith), 2s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; J. B. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; M. B. (Broomhill), 2s.; A. V. A., 2s.; "164309. K. E." 2s.; Mrs. D. G. D., 2s.; "Sympathiser" (Glenluce), 2s. 3d.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; "A Friend," 1s.; I. R. T., 1s.; J. M. (Chester), 1s.; "Tom," 1s.; E. U. S., 1s.; T. M. (Cornwall), 6d.; W. O., 1s.; "In Loving Memory of My Dear Son," 2s. 6d.; W. S., 2s. 2d.; "St Vigean No. 101," 2s.; W. S. (Birmingham), 2s.; "A Well Wisher" (Croydon), parcel; G. R. S. (Cardiff), 2s.; Mrs. A. H. (Lowestoft), 2s. and parcel; E. D. (Wimbledon), 5s.; "Sympathy" (Boston), parcel; R. F. (New Southgate), 10s.; W. O., 2s.; M. E. H. (Suffolk), 5s.; M. I. N. (Manchester), 5s.; J. L., £1; E. C. C. (Fulham), 5s.; A. K. (Belgravia), 2s. 6d.; "Better Luck to Those in Need," 20 francs.

WHAT HAVE YOU GIVEN?

Wait and see!—JOHN BULL'S dramatic announcement!

In three months' time



you could play this at sight.

Think what it means to be able to sit down at the piano, to open a difficult and hitherto unseen piece of music, and to play it off at once without hesitation, with absolute confidence. As a rule this state of proficiency is only reached, if at all, after years of patient practice and study. But the THELWALL System has been worked out so scientifically that the mind is trained along certain lines and its latent faculties are brought out. One half-hour's daily study under the THELWALL System will make you a rapid and infallible sight-reader in three months, even if you only have a small knowledge of Music previously.

The now famous THELWALL System, moreover, is highly approved by the leading musicians of the country, including **SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE, SIR LANDON RONALD** and **DR. BORLAND** To know all about this system, merely send name and address, enclosing 2d. stamp to cover cost of postage. We will then send you a Booklet giving price of the full Correspondence Course and easy method of payment, also many unsolicited testimonials from eminent authorities, the Press and successful pupils. "HOW EVERY PIANIST MAY BECOME A RAPID SIGHT-READER." Send your application now to the Principal,

THELWALL RAPID SYSTEM OF SIGHT-READING,
The A.B.C. Correspondence Schools (Dept. 39) Paternoster House, E.C.4

A New Spring Model COSTUME for 5/- post free

To introduce our new spring costume for the season we are making this special offer to cater for the requirements of our many customers, and to prove that for economy and smartness our goods are in a class by themselves. Made in all-wool serge and with the jacket lined throughout with floral lining, this well-known tailored garment wears well, and retains its smart appearance.

Send **5/-** together with the form below, undertaking to pay **5/-** a week for five weeks, or if you prefer send **27/6** with your order and no further cash.

E.H.

To A. RYDER & CO. (Westbourne Grove), LTD., London, W.C.2.
Please send an all-wool costume of the following colour..... I enclose P.O. for 5/- and undertake to remit 5/- a week for the next five weeks. If I am not satisfied I will return the costume and you will refund the money.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

DATE..... J.B.2.

Colours:
Navy & Black
Sizes:
Coat 30, 31, 32
Skirt 32, 34, 36

A. RYDER & CO. (Westbourne Grove), LTD., LONDON, W.2.

"I Have Not Paid for a pair of boots mending

since receiving your 'Amateur Mechanic,'" writes Mr. J. R. H., of Aston, Birmingham. "I am not a practical man, but the simplicity of the diagrams and the clearness of the explanations can easily be read by the most amateurish of amateurs!"

You Can Save Money and Make Money

If you own and use

The

Amateur Mechanic

In Simple, Non-technical Language.

With How-to-do-it Pictures and Diagrams.

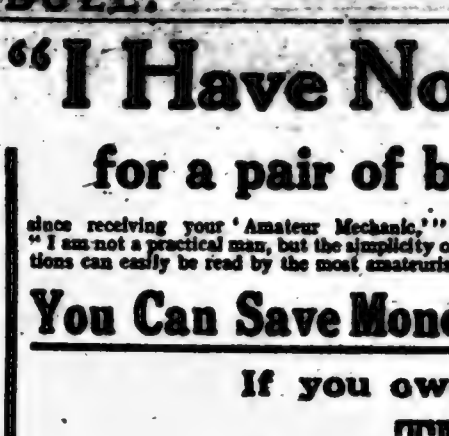
It Presents over 400 Practical Lessons

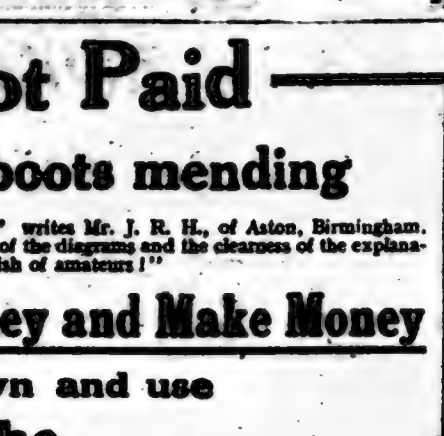
Including

HOW TO BUILD YOUR OWN SHEDS, OUTHOUSES, POULTRY-HOUSES, ETC.—HOW TO CURE DAMP WALLS, LEAKY ROOFS, AND SMOKY CHIMNEYS—HOW TO MAKE GARDEN FRAMES, GARDEN FURNITURE, AND GARDEN PATHS—HOW TO MEND WINDOWS AND TO MAKE, MEND AND STRENGTHEN LOCKS AND BOLTS.

To Clean, Overhaul, and Repair Motors and Motor-Cycles—To Install Wireless Telegraphy, Electric Light, Etc.—To Work in every kind of Metal—To Etch on Brass—To Write on Glass—To Make Heliographs—To Build a Boat, a Canoe, a Canvas Canoe, etc.—To paint and paper a room—To sole and heel and patch boots and shoes—To make a pair of hand-sewn boots—To restore colour to old brown shoes—To make household furniture—To re-seat chairs—To upholster sofas, etc.—To install a speaking tube—To clean a stove—To repair bicycles—To work in metal—To colour metals—To repair water-taps—To varnish a violin—To remedy damp walls—To repair the piano—To make a padded chair from an old cask—To stuff animals—To dress furs—To stuff and mount birds—Wood inlaying—To prepare working drawings—To renovate a grandfather clock—To make garden arbours, arches, seats, summer-houses, etc.—To use metal-drilling tools—To renovate mirrors—To mend china—To do fretwork—To limewhite poultry-houses—To do gold-plating and silver-plating—To clean a watch—To mend keyless watches and ordinary watches—To distemper ceilings and walls—To make picture-frames and frame pictures—Curtain fitting—Metal castings—To clean paint off glass—To clean boilers—To fix an anthracite stove—To re-gild and restore picture-frames—How to use spanners—To make doors and windows draught-proof—To paint walls—To do nickel-plating—To cure noises in hot-water pipes—India and glue varnishes—To make plaster casts, etc., etc.

This is Sound Money Saving Knowledge





HELP YOURSELF TO SAVE MONEY

It Pays for itself.

Mr. Beard, Long Eaton, writes: "I intend that 'The Amateur Mechanic' shall be a free gift to me; for, by taking advantage of your instalment plan, I can see how to easily save the money on house repairs alone, as I find that quite a number of jobs I had intended putting out are treated of in the work, and are by no means beyond my limited capacity (with your writers at my elbow). . . Once again to thank you. . . .

It Teaches Electrical Jobbing.

Mr. Leonard Roe, Quorn, Leicestershire, writes: "I have mended my watch from the illustrations in 'The Amateur Mechanic.' Now I am going to restore the colour of a pair of brown boots. Your articles on 'Miniature Electric Light' are very interesting. I have already fitted up my cycle with electricity from these articles."

Over 90,000 Citizens have now bought "The Amateur Mechanic."

Australian and New Zealand Inquiries should be addressed to: The Waverley Book Co., 218, Clarence Street, Sydney; or 54, Victoria Street, Wellington. And South African Inquiries to: The Humphris Co., P.O. Box 155, Durban

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Please send me, free of charge or obligation to order, your Free descriptive Booklet, explaining contents, etc., of "THE AMATEUR MECHANIC," with specimen pages and pictures, and particulars as to your terms for small monthly payments beginning thirty days after delivery.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.H., 1922 .....

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous Correspondents.]

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., *as they are liable to be mislaid. Copies should be forwarded in the first instance. For a reply by post on personal subjects, a twopenny stamped envelope must be enclosed.*

LETTERS *must be addressed to the Editor or Publishers, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. No fee is charged in respect of enquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication, but as evidence of good faith.*

MRS. E. F. (Newbiggin-by-Sea).—"If Providence sends a person into the world to do a certain work, that person cannot die till it is done." If that is the case, we look like being stuck here for a bit.

T. A. (Barnstaple).—"Our M.P.s, as far as I can see, are no good to the country." And farther than you can see some of them are nothing to write home about.

"MARY" (Tiverton).—Thanks for the texts and tracts, which we have distributed among the staff according to our estimate of their respective moral needs.

"MOTHER."—We have read your well-reasoned plea for Birth Control with considerable interest. If you will look at our recent article again you will see that we made no attempt to dictate to parents the course they should pursue.

J. A. J. (Mablethorpe).—"I consider JOHN BULL the most intelligible literature I have ever come across." That's right, sonny, speak as you find.

C. T. (Saxmundham).—"Please give us a change from the 'Barber's Chair.'" Righto, next week if you're good.

"PAT-A-CAKE" (Luton).—"You seem to have a fair ration of common-sense." More than enough to come in out of the rain.

F. C. R. (Worcester).—"You cannot do anything in this world without influence." Yet, come to think of it, we were never pushed in our life.

L. D. (Westgate).—"Among your readers you have every shade of political opinion." And we love them all.

A. A. (Ashby-de-la-Zouch).—"'Be ye courteous' ought to be a commandment." It is in this office.

C. M. W. (Sunderland).—Your suggestions for augmenting the "Greatest of These——" Fund shall receive due consideration, although you might remember that an ounce of help is worth a ton of advice.

"DOUBLE SCOTCH" (Dalmuir).—Sorry you should think us "pessimistic." Surely you must have meant "optimistic" and spelt it wrong.

"TRIER."—Never mind if your friends do tell you that you have "got JOHN BULL on the brain." It's a splendid cerebral tonic.

B. H. S. (Brixton Hill, S.W.).—Sorry you were so upset because we told you to "keep your intuitions clean." But now we have had it out let us be friends.

MRS. W. (Edinburgh).—"I don't know your name, but still I love you." That, if we may say so, from a varied experience, is the safest method.

C. H. (Putney).—Glad you appreciate the new make-up of our big article. There are more pleasurable surprises in store for you. Keep your eyes well skinned.

"IRISH LIBERAL."—Sorry you have been disappointed with our attitude on the Irish Question. Some of our readers, on the contrary, have been tickled to death.

E. S. S. (Westcliff-on-Sea).—"There is no justification for the use of senseless phrases such as 'Dear me!'" Perhaps not, but "dear you" is O.K. in the right circs.

"WISE OLD OWL."—"Publish this and you will wake up our sleepy old town." But we should be run in at Bow Street if we did, so it would be a dear nightmare for one of us.

M. A. T. (Dunstable).—You are correct in stating that the poet Milton wrote "Paradise Regained" after the loss of his wife. But your cynical reflection is unworthy of a wholesome mind.

B. G. (Braintree).—"How long is an age?" Anything from five minutes to five hundred years, according as to whether the term is used by a lady or an historian.

A. W. (Worthing).—Afraid we cannot fathom your comments on the Armstrong case, but if you are sick after eating chocolates you might try butter-scotch.

A. M. K. (Kensington, W.).—"I am a spiritualistic medium and automatic writer." Sounds like a good job if you don't get drunk and lose it.

"JAMBORKE."—"The tone of some of our weekly papers has gone down sadly." Precisely why we're shoving ours up.

W. T. C. (Liss).—"I know you like brevity." We do, like the man who tied a knot in the cat's tail.

E. A. (Yarrow).—"Years ago I set out on a journey to discover my true self." In nice company, we trust.

V. A. (Birmingham).—"Why is the yolk of an egg yellow?" What colour would you prefer?

L. A. M. (Southsea).—"We want men, not talkers." Some of us are both.

G. T. (Chelmsford).—"Perhaps this idea will commend itself to your cartoonist." We showed it to him and he went right off the deep end.

T. E. R. (Salisbury).—Nice of you to confide in us the fact that you take a bath regularly every week. Presume in between you wipe yourself occasionally with a damp flannel.

G. E. W. (Colchester).—"I am rather surprised at my want of success in the 'Bullets' Competition." So are we, after reading your brainy letter.

"PERPLEXED."—Probably you could get to know of suitable lodgings in London by communicating with the Young Women's Christian Association, 22, George Street, W., or some similar organisation.

G. C. (West Cowes).—We fear it is true that some Labour Exchange officials are the last word in bureaucratic insolence. If you can find it in your heart to forgive them you have a noble Christian spirit.

"MAISIE."—"Can a plain face look pretty in a photograph?" Certainly, unless the photographer is a prize dud.

E. C. (Plympton).—"Think of the burned-out brains and bursting lungs that the Spiritualist traffic leaves behind." Certainly, if you insist, but we would prefer something livelier.

A. B. (Walton-on-Naze).—We like your little poem about "Cheaper Beer and Victuals." Indeed, so enthused were we that we went out and gave ourselves quite a beano.

W. H. (Bristol).—Let us know if you have any further letters from your negro friend. Black as he may be elsewhere, he had a ruddy cheek.

"EX-PRISONER OF WAR" (Dublin).—"I consider that Lloyd George, M. Barthou and Seigneur Facta should be tied together and dumped in the middle of the sea." A dem'd moist uncomfortable proposition, as Mr. Mantalini would say.

"REFLECTOR" (Harlesden, N.).—Glad to have your chaste observations upon the recent "girl bride" case, but afraid the Court would not re-open the matter simply to oblige you.

"ONE TIME READER."—We note your opinion that more ought to be done for the poor starving Russians. Perhaps it would suit you if we adopted the whole bally lot.

"READER" (Baluchistan).—Sorry to read your comments on "the rudeness of Englishwomen." They're never rude to us, bless their hearts.

M. A. C. (Dover).—"I believe Mr. Lloyd George is not a University man." Well, what about it?

F. R. E. (Eastleigh).—"I would much like you to read an article in last week's *Christian Herald*." At the cost of a little extra politeness you might have sent it on to us.

"ADMIRER" (Hull).—"In all the thousands of letters you receive, my few words will doubtless be overlooked." That, you see, is where you made a big bloomer.

T. J. J. (Sussex).—"I have my suspicions concerning a certain person; should I communicate with the police?" If you like—or tell his missus.

W. T. A. (Bournemouth).—"This town easily takes first place for canting hypocrisy." A bit smug in places, we agree. We lived there once and sadly shocked the natives.

F. N. (Huddersfield).—"How do you pronounce 'crooked'?" In two syllables, except in rare and unusual contexts, like when you have your arm crooked to lift a mug of beer.

MRS. W. J. A. (Prestwick).—"Do you think it would be advisable for me to attend to my husband's correspondence in his absence?" Not knowing the gentleman's proclivities we can hardly say.

MRS. W. T. Y. (Shropshire).—"There was a baby at our church last Sunday christened Margaret Ann." Poor kid!

"JUSTICE."—"Some women are not as black as they are painted." No, nor as pink.

MRS. J. D. (Wallasey).—You are entitled to complain if your maid "clatters about like a cart-horse." But perhaps the poor girl has that sort of feet.

"DISGUSTED."—The hospital conditions you describe are scandalous. If you can furnish evidence of your charges we will cause a bother.

"GREEN EYE."—"Every great reform was once a dream child." Nicely put, if we may say so with respect.

MISS F. R. (Chelsea, S.W.).—"In these days women's opportunities are endless." Yet, believe us, some of them grouse no end.

R. C. (Ryde, I.O.W.).—"Last Tuesday I got into conversation with a woman." No harm in that if your intentions were pure.

S. T. (Norwich).—We note that in your recent illness "the worst part of your experience was the doctor." Perhaps he meant well, like the young wife who plucked the rabbit.

R. A. E. (Coventry).—It is pleasant to know that in spite of your own moral rectitude you have such a strong sympathy with "sliders and slippers," although we would like you to understand that there is nothing of that sort about us.

"ANTI-BOLSHEVIST" (Dundee).—We note what you say about the evils of Bolshevism. Still, even an Earl is entitled to his opinions.

A. T. T. (York).—"I am not a crank, a fool, or a maniac." So glad.

"ARGUMENT."—"Are there such things as pickled walnuts?" Believe us, dear sir, they exist as indubitably as Whitstable natives or stewed eels.

"BER-BER" (Cardigan).—"I will not tire you with the story of my personal woes." You certainly will not—or if you do we shall be too polite to say so.

T. D. (Barnes, S.W.).—"John, my boy, your paper is a real treat." Rather luscious, we agree.

M. C. A. (Bath).—"I wish you would define the word 'economy.'" Etymologically it means "the care of a house" and has been extended to connote the methodical management of larger affairs.

W. A. R. (Manchester).—"The other night a young man in the hotel commented openly upon my looks." Cheeky pup!

"FARMER'S WIFE."—You give an entirely correct version of the Bible story of the quarrelling mothers who took their baby to King Solomon, only to find that they "could not divide it without spoiling it." You're a whale for Scripture.

W. H. (Merthyr Tydvil).—Sorry to hear of your many troubles arising from Army service. Your poem has technical faults, but is lively and original.

H. B. (Kingston).—You can hardly blame married teachers for retaining their positions as long as the regulations allow it. But there is much to be said from your point of view—and, by the powers, you've said it!

"TAR JOHN."—Sincerely trust your rich aunt will turn up trumps and leave you her diamonds. But, if not, don't cut up rough at the funeral.

A. G.—Wish you would give us fuller particulars of the coloured gentleman who you say is working such havoc in your district. In the meantime you might inform the police.

A. M. (Cambridge).—"Send me a winning horse and give me the chance to help myself." But if the animal lost we should lose your friendship, and then we might as well be dead.

C. A. P. (Elstree).—"It seems at last that we understand each other." We do, and jolly nice too.

MRS. F. E. (Southend-on-Sea).—Our office-boy was deeply indebted for the Easter cards, which, as you suggested, he shared with his little brother. Or so he says, the artful rascal!

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

LEARN CARTOONING AND HUMOROUS ART.

THERE is a great and urgent demand for humorous Artists and Cartoonists. Practically every paper wants a certain amount of humorous sketches—many are devoted solely to this important and well-paid branch of illustration. **New talent** is being eagerly sought after. The man or woman who can produce good, clean, humorous drawings is assured of a **big and continuous income.**

This fascinating profession is easy to enter, but one must have thorough and efficient tuition. You can become a successful humorous Artist through our wonderfully simple postal tuition Course. You can learn in your own home, in your spare time, to produce the original humorous sketches that are so greatly in demand. This new Course—the only one of its kind in Britain—is unique and fascinating, and so graded that the absolute beginner is systematically trained from the single line to the finished sketch in a simple and easily-understood manner. All superfluous technique and dry theory are omitted. Famous cartoonists have helped to write and illustrate the lessons, including S. STRUBE (the "Daily Express" Cartoonist), E. T. REED, ARTHUR FERRIER, A. E. HORNE, FRED BUCHANAN, DAVID WILSON, ROLAND HILL (Bib), DYKE WHITE, WILL SCOTT, KATE CARNEW. They give you the benefit of their valuable and extensive experience and will guide you along the road to ultimate success.

EARN WHILE YOU LEARN.

The Course is intensely interesting from the very first lesson and is so arranged that beginners quickly learn to produce finished drawings which can be sold to the Press.

Our staff of expert artist instructors will carefully and freely criticise your lessons. Hundreds of illustrations are included in the Course—two of which are here reproduced in miniature, showing method of instruction.

Whether your decide to make Cartooning you Profession or whether you would like to be able to draw merely as a hobby, we can make you a Success. Only a little conscientious study is necessary—we will develop your talent along the right lines. Write for Prospectus, illustrated throughout by the leading Artists—giving full particulars of the Course and enrolment fees, which may be paid by instalments if desired. Sent post free to all "John Bull" readers. Address, The Principal

LONDON SCHOOL OF CARTOONING (Studio 122), 34, Paternoster Row, E.C.4.

HUGE CARPET SALE

Reversible Westminster Carpets.

20/- Carriage Paid.

Real seamless, woven, bordered, reversible Westminster Carpets are offered to you direct from the looms at less than wholesale prices. All beautifully bordered in eight fashionable shades of Crimsons, Greens, Blues and Art Colourings. These beautiful Carpets are suitable for dining room or bedroom, will cover any ordinary sized room, and each one is despatched with our World-renowned Guarantee that unless you are completely satisfied we will return your money immediately.

TESTIMONIAL.

Apple Street, Ingrow,
Near Keighley.
Dear Sir, March 16, 1922
Received your Parcel quite safe; it was very nicely packed. The Carpet & Rug are lovely. I am pleased with them. They are extremely nice.
Yours truly,
Miss SANDERSON.

FREE RUG COUPON

To every customer purchasing one of these charming Carpets and enclosing this Coupon we will enclose FREE, as special discount, a splendid Westminster Hearth Rug.

Send your Order to-day enclosing **P.O. 20/-** to

HARRILL'S STORES, Dept. B 28,
STRETFORD ROAD, MANCHESTER.
Warehouses: York St., Rutland St., and Drake St., Hulme, Manchester.

Spring is here!

Let each and every day the year round be a Spring day for you——quivering with *joi de vivre*, pulsing with the confidence that comes from feeling fit.

The spirit of Spring lives in vigorous, *cheery* health. It is the possession of all who follow *the simple rules* of healthy living—abundant fresh air, adequate exercise, wholesome food in moderation, and—just once in a while—a gentle aid to Nature when *the system asks* for it.

Andrews' Liver Salt is the time-proved *corrective* for the minor ills of Life. It cleanses—*purifies internally*—and invigorates the entire system by so doing. Briefly, it gives the human mechanism a freshening, brightening, *sweetening*, Spring-cleaning. Andrews' is equally good for Father, Mother and the Children.

Let Andrews' see to the well-being of your family this Spring. Get a Tin. Take (and give) a teaspoonful in an early-morning glass of water for 3 days running—to cool and purify the Blood and remove *the cause* of the little Ills which the change of Season generally brings in Adults as well as Children.

4 OZ. (Net), USUAL SIZE, 10d. 8 OZ. (Net), FAMILY TIN, 1/5

Be sure you get the genuine Andrews' in the familiar Green Tin. *Shun the imitation!*

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores throughout Great Britain and Ireland. Trade enquiries should be directed to the address appendix:—

SCOTT & TURNER, Ltd., Manufacturers, Gallowgate, NEWCASTLE-upon-TYNE.

ANDREWS' FREE GIFTS FOR TIN LIDS.—12 small or 6 large Tin Lids can be exchanged free of any charge whatever for the Andrews' Fountain Pen, the Andrews' Pencil Case (complete with re-fills), the Andrews' *combined* Tooth Brush, Scoop-measure, Lid-opener and Stirrer, or for the Andrews' Pocket Knife. Send Lids before May 31st, with your name and address, saying *which* of these four Gifts you want, to SCOTT & TURNER, Ltd., Gallowgate, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

GRAVES
GENUINE
SILVER KEYLESS LEVER
A true timekeeper under all conditions. Perfectly adjusted, fully jewelled, & fitted in strong, handsome English Hall Marked Sterling Silver Cases. Price 80/-
DELIVERED to all approved orders for 5/- with order. Balance in 9 monthly payments of 8/- if quite satisfied. Money back if at all disappointed.
5/-
WITH ORDER
CATALOGUE FREE. Write for Catalogue of Hallmark Watches and lovely Jewellery, Engagement Rings, Bracelets, Brooches, Necklets, etc. at the lowest prices and on the Easiest Terms.
J.G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

GRAVES
WORLD'S BEST CYCLES
reach the highest point of all-round excellence. The finest cycle value on offer. Light, graceful, and easy running. Warranted for 10 years.
15/- WITH ORDER
DELIVERED carriage paid to all approved orders for 15/- with order. Balance in 12 monthly payments of 15/- if you are entirely satisfied. Money refunded if disappointed.
SPECIFICATION: Reynolds' Weldless Steel Tubing, Rolling Lever Brakes, Stiu Wheels, Genuine Clincher A-Wen Tyres, Brampton's Sheffield Steel Hubs, B.S.A. or Villiers Frictionless Ball-bearing Free Wheel, Coventry Three Spiral Chain, Hoffmann's Steel Balls, Spiral Spring Mammoth Cradle Saddle. Price £9 : 15 : 0
WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Graves World's Best Cycles, including three-speed gear Models, all at lowest prices and on Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

What Kind of Language Do You Use?

Is it polished, forceful, and does it exactly express your meaning—does it stamp you as a person of refinement and standing in the world? Or is it slipshod, ungrammatical and ineffective? "Good English is good business." Professor Grenville Kleiser, whose Public Speaking Course has been so immensely successful, has perfected an original practical Postal Course in Good English for busy people who are willing to devote at least 15 minutes spare-time to it daily—at home.

You Can be a Master of Forceful, Convincing English

Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Stories, Sermons, Treatises, Advertisements, etc. Enlarge Your Stock of Words—Use the Right Word in the Right Place. Become an Engaging Conversationalist—Enter Refined Society. Be a man of Culture, Power, and Influence in Your Community.

The Kleiser original and practical system is altogether different from the old-time method of teaching grammar. It is for busy people who demand immediate practical results at the smallest outlay of time and money.

No Wearisome, Old-Time Rules to Study—A New Direct, Easy System

IT COSTS NOTHING to sign and post this Form NOW for full particulars by post. By all means do so.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Salisbury Square, London, E.C. 4.

Without cost on my part please to give me the details of Professor Kleiser's Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

J.B. .....

YOUR "BULLET" may win £1,000!

2nd Prize £100

10 Prizes of £5

50 Prizes of 10/-

1,000 Prizes of 2/6

BIG 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £1,000

2,000 POPULAR NOVELS

3rd Prize £50

10 Prizes of £2-10/-

100 Prizes of 5/-

3,000 Target Prizes

☞ **"BULLETS" MADE EASIER—NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.**

All you have to do is to choose any one of the Forty examples given below. Then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the example chosen. The Two, Three, or Four words you give can EACH begin with any letter in the alphabet. This example will guide you: Example:—A Bargain. Bullet:—Wife Thinks Until Later. Competitors may send in two "Bullets" for sixpence. An entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 446.

THE BUDGET	THE BEST INSURANCE	LORD HAIG	TOPPING IDEA
WHERE WOMEN SHINE	JOHN BULL	FAIR SHARE	WHEN TRADE REVIVES
UP IN THE AIR	A GOOD JUDGE	NEGLECTED	BIGGEST PURSE
LOWER TAXES	A LARGE FAMILY	AT DORSTAL	CRUMB OF COMFORT
MAKES PREMIER SMILE	WHILE MONEYBOOM LASTS	HER HUSBAND	BAD PRACTICE
UNION JACK	SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL	STEALING	PUTTING ON AIRS
YOUNG MAN'S FANCY	WINNING THE FIGHT	GOING OFF	UNDRESS UNIFORM
AFTER THE RACE	HOPES AND FEARS	FOOLISH	THE LATEST CRAZE
WHAT BOLSHEVIKS WANT	PLAYING CRICKET	THE OLD FIRM	GETTING BETTER
OUR BUSINESS	SCOTCH AND IRISH	MODERN CHILD	IN WRONG SHOP

Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

No._____

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(446) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ If unable to secure extra coupons you can write your "Bullets" on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

No._____

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(446) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 2 coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____

Address _____

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 446, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

No._____

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(446) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____

Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, May 11th.

No._____

Example _____

Bullet

Example _____

Bullet

(446) P.O. No. _____

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page.
With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____

Address _____

☞ **SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3, and £2 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 446 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."**

Result of Competition No. 444 ("Bullets" Easter offer) will be published in next week's issue.

BULLETS RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality.
2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.
3. All four coupons may be used, and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to John Bull and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.
5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.
6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 447.

IN HIGH PLACES	STAR TURN
DON'T CARE	ODD MAN
WHEN WIFE'S ASLEEP	WHAT WE LIKE
HUMMING	HURTS NOBODY
IN THE CHARABANC	IN THE PINK
ALL THE YEAR ROUND	GENERAL SHORTAGE
NICE LOOKING	ALL THE BEST
A GOOD DOUBLE	ON THE WAY
MONEY TROUBLES	THE REAL THING
DANCING	DAY AND NIGHT

These examples can be made use of on the Coupons on this page and must reach us on or before THURSDAY, May 18th. All coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 447 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. 447, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons must not contain any of the Forty examples for Competition 446.

The original cheque for £250 awarded in "Bullets" Competition 442 to Mr. J. O'Neill, Pullough, Bansha, Co. Tipperary, can now be seen in the window of Messrs. CARRIGANS, Newsagents, Main St., Tipperary.

NEXT WEEK!

A BIG SURPRISE!

WHY PAY FIRE INSURANCE PREMIUMS?

THE JOHN BULL

GREAT FREE FIRE INSURANCE

COVERING ALL RISKS BY FIRE TO HOME, LIFE AND LIMB.

UNDER this most unique FREE INSURANCE OFFER anyone above the age of 10 can be insured irrespective of sex.

The premium charged by any Fire and Accident Insurance Company to secure similar benefits would certainly exceed 5s. per annum. We offer it to you absolutely free.

A separate coupon must be filled up in respect to each person to be insured.

This offer applies only to persons residing in, and property situated in, England, Scotland and Wales.

The full conditions governing this scheme will be published from time to time.

WHAT WE WILL PAY:

For Damage to Contents of Home by Fire up to.....	£200
In case of Death directly due to Fire at Registered Reader's home	£200
For the Loss of Two Limbs or Both Eyes or One Limb and One Eye.....	£200
For the Loss of One Limb or One Eye..	£100
Medical Fees for Injuries not proving fatal but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her employment up to..	£10
In the event of a Temporary Total Disablement up to 13 weeks	£1 per week

ORDER FORM.

To be Retained by Newsagent.

To .....Newsagent,

.....

Please deliver "JOHN BULL" to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

Address.....

.....

April 29, 1922.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to John Bull Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to:—
John Bull INSURANCE DEPT.,
Long Acre, W.C. 2.

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of John Bull with

..... Newsagent of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death:

Name of Nominee .....

Address .....

Signature of Insured.....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Home Address .....

April 29, 1922.....

To remain qualified for the benefits readers must continue to have "John Bull" regularly supplied to them.

Enclose 1d. stamp if an acknowledgment of receipt of Registration Form is required.

ONE WEEK! EXCLUSIVE FOOTBALL PRIZE ONE WEEK!

£300 MUST BE WON

FOR ONLY TEN RESULTS OR NEXT BEST COUPON

THE sum of £300 will be paid to the sender of a coupon containing the correct results of the 10 matches given. If 10 correct results are not given, the £300 will be awarded to the sender of the most correct results, so that in any event the £300 **MUST BE WON.**

BIG ONE-WEEK FOOTBALL PRIZE.

We advise competitors to make a careful study of football form before filling in their coupons. Scottish and Irish readers can compete. This competition is

EXCLUSIVE TO "JOHN BULL" and the "SPORTS PICTORIAL."

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

(1) All attempts must be made on coupons taken from this week's issues of "JOHN BULL" and "SPORTS PICTORIAL." Coupons must be completely filled in with ink in ordinary handwriting (typewriting or pencil will not be allowed) and in accordance with the instructions given on this page.

(2) The sum of £300 (three hundred pounds) will be paid to the competitor sending in a coupon containing the correct results of all the matches played to a finish. If no competitor succeeds in giving all the correct results, the sum of £300 will be paid to the competitor sending a coupon with the most correct results. In the event of a tie or ties, the prize to be won will be equally divided amongst the most successful competitors. No competitor can receive more than one share of the £300. Should any match not be played to a finish on the date given or as set out on the coupon, it will be disregarded.

How to Fill up Your Coupons.

If you think the "Home" team will win, place a X in the column headed "Home"; if you think the "Away" team will win place a X in the column headed "Away"; if you think the result will be a draw, place a X in the column headed "Draw." **Only one X must be entered for each match.** Coupons must be completely filled up in ink.

(3) Ten crosses in all must be marked on each coupon, one for each match. Coupons marked otherwise will be disqualified.

(4) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss, delay, or non-delivery of any coupon. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. No correspondence will be entered into, nor will interviews be granted.

(5) An altered or mutilated coupon will be disqualified. Any coupon received later than Thursday, May 4th, will be disqualified. Employees of the paper conducting this Competition are not eligible to compete.

(6) The Editor's decision must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning this Competition, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

"John Bull" Free Football Coupon.

Closing Date, Thursday, May 4th.

MATCHES TO BE PLAYED SATURDAY, MAY 6th.

HOME TEAM		AWAY TEAM	HOME	AWAY	DRAW
Everton	v.	Burnley			
Oldham A.	v.	Aston Villa			
West Brom. A.	v.	Liverpool			
Blackburn R.	v.	Tottenham H.			
Blackpool	v.	West Ham U.			
Leeds United	v.	Notts Forest			
Bradford	v.	Port Vale			
Gillingham	v.	Watford			
Reading	v.	Portsmouth			
Queen's P. R.	v.	Plymouth A.			

I enter "JOHN BULL" Football Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions on this page, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding, and enter on that understanding.

(26) SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

PLEASE NOTE NEW ADDRESS. Cut out Coupon neatly and address all entries as follows: Football Competition No. 23, "JOHN BULL," 63, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Write "Football" in top left-hand corner of envelope. All coupons can be enclosed in one envelope, but this must not contain entries for other Competitions.

COMPETITORS MAY SEND AS MANY COUPONS AS THEY LIKE.

A WATCH OF SPLENDID QUALITY

Fits any wrist, **Genuine Gold-Filled, Warranted 5 years.**

High-grade Jewelled movement, accurate timekeeper.

This watch is honestly worth 6 guineas.

Price only 24/6, post free

One of Hundreds of Testimonials Received.

P. M., Fishponds Road, Bristol, writes: "Enclosed P.O. for two Bracelet Watches. Seeing Mrs. L. S., of Stapleton Road, Bristol, my sister and I have decided to have one."

Finer value than we offer is frankly impossible. Thousands of delighted customers throughout the Kingdom testify to this. If you want a watch, either Lady's or Gentleman's, send us your order. You can do so with full confidence, for if you are not satisfied, your money will be returned in full.

Send Postcard for beautifully-illustrated Art Catalogue of Paramount Watches from 7/6 upwards. It will be a revelation to you. Mention JOHN BULL *when writing.*

SPECIAL OFFER.

Readers who prefer to pay in instalments can forward 2/6 Deposit and pay balance as desired.

Send your Order TO-DAY! Register Treasury Notes and cross P.O.s for Safety.

The PARAMOUNT WATCH CO.

(DEPT. J.B.),

37, Barners St., Oxford St., London, W.1.

GRAVES

STAINLESS CUTLERY SERVICE

THE FINEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Graves Service of Stainless Cutlery and superfine Table Plate is of unrivalled excellence & by far the most attractive Stainless Cutlery Offer that has ever been made.

DELIVERED Carriage Paid to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/6 if satisfied. Money refunded in full if you are not delighted.

7/6 with order

The **KNIVES** are of "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel with beautifully polished Everette handles. Carver Blade of "Enterprise" Brand Stainless Steel 9½ in. long, curved.

Forks & Spoons are Cotswoldian Silver which bears a polish indistinguishable from sterling silver. White all through. Lasts a lifetime.

Service Comprises:

6 or Carvers | 6 Table Spoons
6 Tea Spoons | 1 Jam Spoon
6 Table Forks | 1 Salt Spoon
6 Dessert Spoons | 1 Sugar Spoon
6 Dessert Forks | 1 Soup Ladle
6 Dessert Spoons | Pair
6 Tea Spoons without ends | 90/-
6 Fish Knives

CATALOGUE of genuine Sheffield Cutlery (Stainless Specialities &c.) Post Free. Easy Terms.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

Many who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by using Kotalko. This is composed of genuine bear fat, with the juice of the rare pilocarpus plant and other potent ingredients.

The preparation known as Kotalko may be obtained by sending sixpence stamps or P.O. for trial size, to John Hart Brittain, Ltd., 2, Percy Street (53 H.), London, W. 1. Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when baldness has existed for years.

12/6 Monthly

is all you pay for our No. 600A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled models. Tyres and accessories 33⅓% below shop prices. Write *TO-DAY* for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

MODEL 600 **£5 15s. CASH**

Mead Cycle Company (1920), (Dept. B697), Birmingham.

Confessions of a COCAINE FIEND

Reformed Actress writes an amazing book.

YOU have read about the recent raids on dope dens and of the illicit trafficking in "white snow" or cocaine. The papers have only touched the fringe of the subject. It has remained for a young actress, once a cocaine fiend, to reveal the whole terrible truth. She relates the taking of the first tiny "sniff"—the orgies in the dope dens—her attempts to reform. She hides nothing. She tells facts never before published.

WHITE SNOW

by a young actress is the book of the moment.

If any difficulty in procuring from your bookseller, send 2/9 and 3d for postage, direct to the publishers ODHAMS PRESS Ltd., 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.—We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL*—i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within two weeks from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL*, Advertisement Department, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

What a Bargain, Dear— and this one is for You!

THE famous "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen has a sweetheart! Her name is "The Midget." She possesses all the stouter masculine qualities that a fountain-pen should have, but in addition has the distinction of being the smallest, neatest and most dependable pen in all the world! These two pens being such great pals, it seems a pity to separate them. That is why we are making you an amazing offer if you will have them both!

The "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Pen, hand-cut, beautifully chased, safety cap, solid 14-ct. gold nib, iridium tipped, also as illustrated. Price 17/6, guaranteed for 10 years.

The "Midget" Pen. The smallest, neatest, and most dependable pen in the world. Built for hard work and lasting wear. Fitted with 14-ct. solid gold nib, iridium tipped, fully guaranteed. Price 5/6.

The "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model needs no introduction. Selling for only 8/9, it is identical in action, in finish and all-round quality, to pens costing double the price. A comparison will quickly prove the truth of this statement. If you don't know the blessing of a really dependable high-class pen, obey the impulse to buy one now. And the "Midget"—what a charming and dainty present it would make (should you decide not to keep it in your waistcoat pocket). How prettily it would grace her handbag and how snugly it would lie, and how nicely it would fit some small hand! And although a "midget," what an enormous capacity for work. No toy this! 3,000 words or more at a filling without faltering or "stipping"; when not in use the nib remains immersed in ink inside the barrel, and that is why it writes without being coaxed the second the nib touches the paper; when carried is sealed tight, is air-tight, and can't leak no matter in what position it may be held.

Here is Our Great Offer!

1 "JOHN BULL" Lever Self-Filling Model Fountain Pen, worth 17/6, price	8/9
1 "Midget" Fountain Pen, worth 10/6, price ..	5/6
	14/3
OUR SPECIAL OFFER FOR THE TWO	10/6
Representing a clear saving of	3/9

Sign the coupon now and join the great army of satisfied users of the "JOHN BULL" Pens.

This Coupon is worth 3/9 to You—Cut it out now!

Good for 10 days only.

To the Manager, JOHN BULL Pen Department,
87, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I enclose Coupon and Cheque P.O. for 10/9 (which includes 9d. for postage and insurance). Please send me by insured post a JOHN BULL Lever Self-Filling Model Pen and the "Midget" Pen. I require FINE, MEDIUM, or BROAD Nib (strike out words not applicable).

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

DATE ..... J.B. 29.4.22

Write in PRINTED Letters.

NOTE.—No Coupon required if only one pen is ordered at regular price.

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